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The Neutrality Movement in West Germany

By TERENCE PRITTIE

RECENTLY a public opinion survey conducted in Germany by the American High Commission showed that an increasing number of Germans were in favour of the 'neutralisation' of their country. This proportion has almost doubled during the last year to over half the population of western Germany. At the same time representatives of the large and increasing number of organisations which believe in this 'neutralisation' met in Frankfurt and discussed a plan of action. They formulated various plans, but none which could be immediately translated into action. 'Neutralisation' is still primarily an intellectual conception, not a practical means of rewinning the full and final German sovereignty in which nine out of ten Germans believe.

Neutralisation has a rather special meaning when applied to a country which lies between the eastern and western blocs. It means, briefly, the establishing of the supreme buffer state, whose neutrality would not merely be its own salvation, but would help the two opposing blocs to avoid a war between each other. Two years ago, a Professor of Wurzburg University evolved this theory, and linked it with a wider plan to neutralise all central Europe and Scandinavia. In a very short time, it had found exponents on both sides of the Iron Curtain. Even in America, Mr. Walter Lippmann, the *New York Herald Tribune* columnist, espoused—or should one say succumbed to?—it. It had an attraction for those Europeans who believed, in defiance of fact, in a European 'Third Force' which would hold the balance between east and west. It had, equally, an attraction for those Americans who have a psychological urge towards isolationism, although liking to think they are world citizens.

There seemed to be solid arguments in favour of the neutralisation of Germany. Efforts to settle the future of the country have so far produced only discord among the Great Powers. This in turn produced

the division of Germany into two halves which grew steadily farther apart. The next, perhaps unavoidable, stage may be the build up of armed forces in uncomfortable proximity to each other. Plenty of Germans want to avoid this. Plenty of Germans see only one way out. This neutralisation theory, therefore, has a special importance today. The Russians are believed to favour it if it could be turned to their own advantage, in fact, if a neutralised Germany could come, ostensibly of its own accord, into the eastern camp. The Russians may have reasons for expecting, as well as hoping, that this would happen. In their zone, they have organised a one-party government which is the faithful if clumsy servant of the Cominform. They have organised a People's Police, far more numerous than required for the maintenance of normal law and order. This police force has a semi-military arm, the fifty to sixty thousand *Bereitschaften*, subdivided into combat teams of a thousand men each. All this organisation could pay good dividends if the occupying powers withdrew. The Russians must regard their zone as a poor sort of bastion, with little economic value, and a secretly hostile population. Western Germany would be a rich prize, for it contains the greatest economic power unit in Europe. And the Ruhr contains those things which would make the economic expansion of the eastern bloc possible—hard coal, steel capacity, and chemical plant.

All this may help to explain why the Wurzburg Professor, Ulrich Noack, has been so well received at Soviet headquarters in Germany—Karlshorst—and why the Russians have chosen to mock-crusade for German unity, of their own pattern, and on their own terms. This man, Noack, developed two years ago a complete theory of German neutralisation, and mustered a body of intellectual admirers who called themselves the 'Nauheim Circle'. Their names have never been published, nor are there rolls on which they could be inscribed. The Circle attracted curiously different types of people. There was, for instance,

Joachim von Ostau, a right-wing political adventurer with a facility for forming new and unsuccessful parties. There was Dr. Ott, the leader of the Sudeten German refugees. There was Herr Nuschke, the head of the Christian Democrat Party in the Soviet zone, and Herr Norden, the Press Chief of the East German Government. The last two were not formal members for formal membership does not exist, but they were glad to meet Professor Noack in Berlin, bear-lead him round the Soviet zone and be invited in return to his rallies in western Germany.

In January, the Nauheim Circle made a step forward, from private discussion to public debate. It called a congress in Wiesbaden, and issued an appeal for peace, which has now been published and widely circulated in booklet form. The appeal calls on all Germans to resist rearmament, to demand a social 'New Deal' and the reunification of Germany, and to work out a formula for German neutrality. 'Let German neutrality be an example to all other nations', the appeal runs, 'so that their disarmament, too, may follow, and with it a real and lasting peace'. 'Germans', wrote Professor Noack, 'be sure in one thing. Never again shall we be silent when we are convinced that a course is wrong'. The Nauheim Circle has staged discussions in the past, but they have never produced more than intellectual theories and long words. Why was the Wiesbaden Congress different? In the first place, a tactical moment was chosen. The Western Powers were, and still are, proposing to rearm the west Germans, rather against their wishes, if one should believe the German daily newspapers, the Gallup Polls, and what the man-in-the-street tells you about it.

Fear of Being a Battleground

The west Germans would like to be in the western camp rather than the eastern; but they have some natural fears, that their country would become a desert in the event of war, that they might have to fight and kill east Germans, that their very appearance in uniform might provoke the Russians into launching aggressive war, and that the subsequent Russian reprisals would be vented on their families and their friends. With their country divided, and still without a peace treaty, Germans must look for some alternative. Few of them want alliance with Russia, but neutralisation could be a star, or a straw, for those who believe that Germany can be reunified without a war being fought over her defenceless body.

Then, at Wiesbaden, the neutralisation net was flung rather wider than before, and enmeshed some new and important fish. The Protestant Pastor, Martin Niemoeller, is a natural *frondeur* who likes to strike out his own independent political line. He has been a nationalist, a liberal and a near-socialist by turns, but no party is perfect enough for his type of political asceticism. Niemoeller subscribed to the Wiesbaden declaration, and easily fended off hostile criticism at a press conference which he gave shortly afterwards. He was gently amused by suggestions that the Americans would lose interest in Europe if Germany were neutralised. He pointed out that America and Russia were, and would continue to be, opposing power-factors, and that no local agreement would force the one or the other to surrender her stake in world history. But a local agreement in Europe could secure the reunification of Germany. That was why he supported it.

Niemoeller is often regarded as a crank, but he has a real importance in the contemporary German scene. The German Protestant is suspicious of the predominantly Catholic west German state, which is based on a Catholic capital in the heart of the Catholic Rhineland. He is suspicious of the Paris-Rome-Bonn axis of Catholic Europe. He is temporarily in the minority in Germany, and Protestant Prussia and Protestant Berlin are on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain. Niemoeller is the symbol of the Protestant, now progressive, and once merely Prussian Germany, which has close ties with Scandinavia and the Netherlands, and a hankering for British friendship. And the German Protestants want the reuniting of their country at almost any cost.

The Wiesbaden Congress brought Dr. Heinemann, who last autumn was Federal Minister of the Interior, into the neutralist fold. I met Heinemann a few weeks ago. He is the cool, rational antithesis of the ardent crusading Niemoeller. He opposes the rearmament of western Germany, advocates east-west German talks and a coherent attempt to draw up an all-German constitution. He believes that if this were done, the Germans would have made the first essential step towards resolving localised differences between the Great Powers. In fact, says Heinemann, neither Russia nor America wants war. The Germans are best qualified to map out their own future, and can, if they do this successfully, obtain the blessing of the Great Powers. Heinemann thinks there is no cogent reason against Dr. Adenauer meeting Comrade Pieck and

exchanging ideas. For that matter, unless Adenauer is prepared to do so, the east Germans might be more irretrievably bolshevised. But perhaps, Heinemann thinks, Dr. Adenauer has no interest in the east Germans after all? Perhaps his heart is set on the ideal of a Catholic western Germany in a Catholic United Europe with the same boundaries as Charlemagne's Empire? It is a subtly damaging line of argument.

Dr. Heinemann's ideas are being reproduced today by a dozen comparatively new organisations. There is a 'Goettingen Group' of university professors and students. There is the 'Third Front' in Hamburg, which declares: 'Americanism is just as foreign to us as communism'. There is the Godesberg Society for the reunion of Germany. There is the Essen 'Peace Congress', which recently roped in a number of ex-generals and ex-admirals to its first meeting. There is the brotherhood of ex-servicemen who have just ejected one of their founders because he took too obviously pro-western a line. There are the nationalists of the gimcrack Socialist Reichs Party, and the 'Friends of Otto Strasser' movement.

Save for the nationalists, these are groups without political backing, and the average German is still wary of the men of the stamp of General Remer and Dr. Dorls, who lead the Socialist Reichs Party. But next month the neutralists will run their own party in a *Land* election. Dr. Gereke, once Vice-Premier of Lower Saxony, has left the Christian Democrats, and formed the German Social Party, with a three plank platform of no rearmament, social reform, and the reunification of Germany by developing closer economic and political ties with the Soviet zone. Dr. Gereke is the apostle of close contact with eastern Germany through trade channels. Last summer he decided to do something on his own account in this matter, so he went to Berlin, sought out Herr Ulbricht, and in one afternoon fixed up a contract for the import into the Soviet zone of six million marks' worth of west German tinned foods. The Federal Government refused to authorise the contract, and Gereke was forced to leave the Christian Democrat Party.

Gereke wants a unified Germany trading freely with both east and west. He wants the end of the zonal frontier, so that east German foodstuffs, scrap iron and potash, can be freely exchanged for the light and heavy industrial products of the Federal Republic. He thinks that unity would mean prosperity. Gereke is a shrewd tactician who feels that the time is ripe for the crystallisation of all those elements that favour an independent German policy. He has, no doubt, noticed the articles which now appear in German papers, talking of the 'ideal neutrality' of Switzerland. Why ideal? Because the Swiss are armed to the teeth, and stand squarely on their own feet. There are plenty of Germans who would like to do this too.

Neutrality may be a passing phase. It may be the coming political force in the tougher Protestant part of western Germany. Pastor Niemoeller may make out of it a crusade for spiritual independence. Dr. Gereke may see in it the weapon to reforge German economic unity. The nationalists and refugees may be looking beyond it to the lost territories east of the Oder-Neisse line. The Western Powers may not feel unduly alarmed by this neutralism. They can still offer a practical alternative, the integration of western Germany into western Europe, and the maintenance of steady pressure on the eastern bloc in order to secure a real European peace.

German neutralism may be just the sort of lever which the Cominform has been looking for: it may, on the other hand, provide just the necessary incentive to the Western Powers to tighten up their diplomacy and go over to the offensive along the whole front in the cold war. It is likely, at any rate, to become an increasingly important factor as Germans develop—and we must hope they will develop—increasing independence of mind.—*Third Programme*

'THE LISTENER'

next week will be a

'FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN' NUMBER

General MacArthur and the Future

By STEWART ALSOP

A REPORT from Washington at this point can deal, of course, only with one man, and one issue. The man is General Douglas MacArthur: the issue is the future American course in Korea in particular, and Asia in general.

First, let us consider the man. There is no doubt about one thing. MacArthur's speech to the joint session of Congress was a brilliant performance. His enemies here—and he has plenty of them—had hoped that MacArthur would come a cropper. They had hoped that under the cruel eyes of the television cameras, the popular image of MacArthur, the stern-jawed, improbably handsome conqueror of the Pacific, would dissolve, to be replaced by the image of an elderly man who parts his hair to conceal his bald spot. They had hoped, also, that MacArthur would succumb to mere bombast, and that his speech would therefore fail to make the impression it was designed to make. Some of his admirers, and a good many are more idolators than mere admirers, feared the same thing. Both hopes and fears proved groundless. Even without his braided cap and his scarf MacArthur looked like a housewife's dream of a great general. Moreover, throughout the first three-quarters of his speech, he was astute enough to play the role of great general exclusively, the role of a brilliant professional strategist humbled by mere politicians and laymen. Only at the end did he indulge in personal drama, with the business about 'old soldiers never die'. This might seem to the more sophisticated to smack of histrionics, and pretty corny histrionics at that. But it was effective. Undeniably effective. As one observer put it: 'John Barrymore at his best couldn't touch him'.

Thus there is no doubt that MacArthur's speech was a great personal triumph. It is possible, to be sure, to exaggerate the meaning of this triumph. Noting the huge crowds which have greeted MacArthur in his appearances here, and in New York; and noting also the passions which MacArthur's dismissal and triumphant return have evoked, some reporters have concluded that this country is now immersed in a wave of national hysteria. This is nonsense. The fact is that Americans love drama, and nothing could be more dramatic than the circumstances of MacArthur's dismissal, and his return to the United States after fourteen years in the Pacific. Simple curiosity, and the love of a good show, accounted for a good proportion of the crowds which turned out to see MacArthur in New York, for example.



General MacArthur addressing the joint session of Congress in Washington on April 19, when he defended his policy in the Far East

As for the passionate denunciations of President Truman by the Republicans, the passion has derived far less from hysteria than from a natural Republican longing to occupy the White House again after so many years in the wilderness. Some Republicans are nevertheless beginning, despite the effectiveness of MacArthur's speech to Congress, to doubt a little the wisdom of tying the Party irrevocably to MacArthur. To a remarkable extent this is a straight party-line fight; with only a few defections among the eastern internationalists, the Republicans have backed MacArthur to a man. The Democrats, even the Southerners, have closed ranks almost completely behind Truman to a much greater extent than I should have expected, in view of what appears at the moment to be a heavy pro-MacArthur sentiment in the country.

What some Republicans are beginning to fear, and what all Democrats certainly hope, is that some such series of developments as follows will take place. First, proximity will begin to dissolve a good deal of the aura of glamour which surrounds MacArthur. Secondly, although all the implications of the course MacArthur has proposed are perhaps too subtle for general and complete understanding, the notion will begin to seep down that MacArthur's course risks a world war in which we should have few allies. And thirdly, because such a war is no more politically popular here than elsewhere, MacArthur might become a political albatross around the neck of the Republican Party. The Democrats are doing what they can already to promote this process by tagging the Republicans as the 'war party'. The Republicans, scenting the danger, are charging that it is Administration appeasement rather than a MacArthur policy which brings the danger of war near.

Much will depend, of course, on how MacArthur conducts himself in the future; and this will in turn depend on the sort of man MacArthur is. If you were to ask a number of Americans what sort of man MacArthur is, you would certainly get a bewildering variety of answers. He is a man who lends himself to stereotypes. One stereotype, promoted largely on the Left, pictures MacArthur as a sort of double—a warmonger, an imperialist, a potential fascist. The other stereotype is of MacArthur the god, 'the greatest man who has ever lived', to repeat the idiotic remark of one subordinate general, quoted approvingly in the MacArthur-worshipping sections of the press.

Actually, MacArthur is a remarkable and peculiarly complicated man. In some ways, as his remarks about



Ticker tape showering down on General MacArthur's car during his drive through New York City, where he was welcomed by vast crowds

the revolutionary impulses in Asia suggest, he should be the hero of the American Liberals rather than of such men as Colonel Bertie McCormick. In recent years, occupation policy in Japan has taken a turn to the Right, but the turn was dictated in Washington. The policies which actually stemmed directly from MacArthur, civil liberties legislation, the creation of an Independent Labour Movement—perhaps, above all, land reform, should actually have endeared MacArthur to the New Dealers, not to the Hearst Press.

I interviewed MacArthur a couple of years ago in Tokyo, and one of my most lasting impressions of the man was that he was curiously old-fashioned. He has been in the Army, after all, for more than fifty years, and he was a general when most of the Joint Chiefs of Staff were very junior officers. He was one of that very small group of professional American soldiers who kept the American Army alive, and who took a pride in their profession when the Army was held in almost as low esteem in this country as it once was in China. His father occupied the Philippines, and it seemed to me that much of MacArthur's thinking derived from those days, and from the days of Theodore Roosevelt, whose aide MacArthur once was. Those were wonderfully simple days in retrospect, the days of the 'great white fleet and the big stick', when 'black was black, and white was white' and there were no greys at all.

Moreover, MacArthur is in some ways a genuine romantic; and a romantic is unfitted by nature to fight the small, grimy, indeterminate war in which we are now engaged in Korea. A war fought for limited ends, involving a long indecisive period of stalemate, is just not the sort of war MacArthur is fitted by training or temperament to fight. MacArthur's great strength is that most Americans are not fitted by training or temperament for this kind of war either. MacArthur stands for the idea that if you are in a war you must win it, and as quickly and decisively as possible: and so although he did not convincingly explain how the measures he proposed would, in fact, win the war, this idea has a tremendous appeal for the American people; whereas a long, indecisive, limited war, involving casualty rates at least as high as your British forces suffered in the desert warfare of the last war, has very little appeal indeed.

No one can predict what will now happen, or whether MacArthur's views will in the end prevail. At the moment,* President Truman and his Administration seem determined that his views should not prevail. To garner the necessary public support now conspicuously lacking, the Administration relies heavily on the forthcoming hearings before the Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committees. Secretary Marshall and the Joint Chiefs, as well as Secretary Acheson, will testify at these hearings. They can be expected to emphasise the following main points: First, the course MacArthur proposes would not, in fact, defeat the Chinese communists, and thus would not, in fact, end the prolonged indecision which MacArthur deplores. Secondly, this course could only be undertaken unilaterally against the wishes of the United Nations, which MacArthur in the course of his speech never mentioned. He might thus destroy the whole painfully-built structure of the Western Alliance. Thirdly, it might bring on world war three, and under the

worst possible circumstances, since this country and its allies are under-armed, and since the war would have to be fought with reluctant allies, or even without allies.

The climactic moment will come when MacArthur himself testifies. MacArthur will certainly be prepared for the questions inherent in the points cited above; but supporters of the Administration policy hope that in the rough and tumble of committee questioning what MacArthur says will have less of the quality of divine revelation. Moreover, the Administration arguments cited above are so cogent in themselves that it is difficult to see how MacArthur, who merely disregarded most of these points in his speech, can deal with them really convincingly. Yet the Administration has a great and glaring weakness. It makes an excellent case against doing what MacArthur proposes, but it does not really answer the question, 'Then, what else do you want to do?'

It is inconceivable to me that this country will indefinitely accept an endless bloody stalemate in Korea. It is all very well to point to such examples as the British actions on the North-West Frontier in the old days, or the action in Malaya now; but there are two great differences. Your country had a vital national interest in the North-West Frontier and now has a vital national interest in Malaya, simply because the loss of Malaya would spell economic disaster. By contrast, the United States has no vital national interest in Korea, as the National Security Council quite rightly ruled before the North Koreans attacked. There is another difference, which can be summed up in the fact that 60,000 casualties is a lot of casualties to take in time of so-called peace.

It seems to me that two things may happen. The all-out Chinese offensive, which has now apparently started, may be successfully repulsed without great losses to our side. In that case it is at least possible that some sort of settlement can be achieved. Those who have been right in the past are inclined to believe that if the offensive is crushed, we can expect the sort of small signs and portents from the Kremlin which led up to the ending of the Berlin blockade. This is, of course, what the Truman Administration is now banking on; but unfortunately, something else can also happen. Throughout the history of the Korean war, the great numerical superiority enjoyed by the communists, now greater than ever, has been balanced by great superiority in mobility, fighter power, and above all, by total domination of the air. If the Intelligence reports are correct, these communist deficiencies have now, at least in part, been made up from Soviet Siberian stocks, and, especially if major air attacks behind our lines now ensue, the results could be terribly serious.

Indeed, there is no doubt about it, if our forces are effectively attacked from the air from Manchurian bases, these bases will be attacked simply because there will be no reasonable alternative to attacking them. This will be the first step proposed by MacArthur, and if this step is undertaken, it will be a great victory for MacArthur, simply because he will seem to be vindicated. By the grim logic of war, all the other steps which MacArthur has proposed will then seem logical and inevitable. Thus all sorts of things depend on the fate in store for General Ridgway and his men in the next few weeks, perhaps even the issue of war and peace, and the fate of the world.

* Broadcast on April 23

Moulding Public Opinion in the U.S.S.R.

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

IN no country in the world are the means of communication between men more rigidly supervised and regulated than in the Soviet Union. During the course of years a vast propaganda machine has been created by the inner group of leaders of the Soviet Communist Party. Its main task—I am not sure that we are entitled to say its only task—is to strengthen the control of that group over the thoughts, the actions, and the daily lives of all the peoples of the Union—children at school, young people in the universities, men and women in the fields or in the factories, housewives and old-age pensioners.

In our own western world we also are under the influence of various kinds of propaganda—the propaganda of political parties, for example; or official propaganda about safety on the roads and about national savings; newspaper advertising urging us to buy vacuum cleaners or to spend our holidays in France; the pressure of our environment to

make us conform to certain standards of behaviour and conduct, and so on. You could even say that the church bells on a Sunday morning are propaganda of a sort—propaganda to remind us that the day is the Lord's Day. All these propaganda forces are separately controlled or inspired; they serve different and often conflicting ends; and it is only in time of war that they tend to coalesce in one great drive for victory.

But in the Soviet Union all means of public communication and expression are controlled from one centre. They serve one purpose—the maintenance in power of the present communist leadership through the establishment of the doctrine that Mr. Stalin is all-powerful and all-wise, and that his principles and his handiwork are eternal. You may think this statement is an exaggeration. Let me therefore quote to you this verse from a communist psalm broadcast by Prague radio a few months ago: 'You are the hope of the world, Comrade Stalin, its dream, its aspiration; your name spells immortality; fields adore

you, for you have made them green with plenty; the rays of the sun are grateful to you, for you have made them to shine into the homes of millions that lived in darkness. . . .”—and so on.

The Soviet regime, as Lenin once pointed out, rests upon two forces—the force of coercion and the force of persuasion. At a great many points, as we shall see, these two forces overlap. They are of such cardinal importance as instruments of government that both are under the control of the Politburo itself—the supreme organ of Soviet power. The day-to-day administration of the force of persuasion—or propaganda as we call it—is in the hands of a special office of the party known as the Department of Agitation and Propaganda. This is not a department of state; it is an entirely party organ, responsible only to the handful of party leaders who are members of the Politburo. It watches over all newspapers and wireless programmes in the Soviet Union, and over all periodicals and books—even text-books. It supervises the cinema and the theatre and the concert-hall, as well as all the arts and sciences. It keeps an eye on all that goes on in the universities and in the learned societies. It runs its own training centres for journalists, editors and propaganda agents. It is its duty to ensure that everybody in the Soviet Union has the same outlook on life, uncorrupted by foreign influences—and devoted to the welfare of the Soviet State, even when the state imposes measures that are unpalatable, and burdens that are intolerable. When farmers have to be convinced that they will be better off if their land is taken away from them, it is the Department of Agitation and Propaganda that is called in. When output falls in factories or workshops, its specialists produce the necessary ‘pep’ talks. If Soviet foreign policy is difficult to understand, its agents organise evening classes to explain it. If peace campaigns are required as an instrument of policy, the Department will deliver them, together with all the necessary signatures.

The ‘Peace’ Campaign

Perhaps the most striking fact about the Department of Agitation and Propaganda is its meticulous attention to detail in spite of the enormous field in which it operates. The Soviet peace campaign is a good example of it. As you know, there are now peace committees all over the world; every citizen in the Soviet Union has been persuaded to sign the peace appeal; and in the satellite states, as well as in the Soviet Union, an article which provides severe penalties for those advocating war has been worked into the Constitution. These are, so to speak, straightforward propaganda steps—and I am not here using the word propaganda in an offensive or derogatory sense. But the Department of Agitation and Propaganda did not stop there. It has now harnessed to the peace campaign every single instrument for conveying an impression upon the mind of the individual—and the peace campaign, you will remember, includes also a campaign to show that the Western Governments want war. At the end of January there was organised in Moscow an All-Union Art Exhibition. In it, there was a special peace section which contained paintings and sculptures devoted to the cause of peace. A painting of Stalin shaking hands with Mao Tse-tung after signing the Treaty of Alliance with China was inscribed with the words ‘In the Name of Peace’. In another room, there were drawings which, according to Moscow radio, showed the warlike features of President Truman, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee. At about the same time, the Department of Agitation and Propaganda reported with satisfaction that Soviet theatres were showing a great many plays devoted to the struggle for peace, and to the exposure of the wicked plots of the western warmongers. Such words of praise have all the weight of an instruction from the leaders of the Party. Obviously enough, more peace plays are wanted. And the same message of extremes is now conveyed to schoolchildren; to workers; by means of wall-newspapers and informative chats from party agitators during the midday break; and to peasants, huddled round the loudspeakers on collective farms. At every point where it is possible to influence the thoughts and emotions of ordinary men and women, the Department of Agitation and Propaganda goes into action.

I should like to give another example of the Department’s respect for detail, even though it goes back to the war years. The ‘1812 overture’ by Tchaikovsky was banned soon after the Revolution—obviously enough since its theme is the gradual overcoming of the Marseillaise by the Tsarist anthem. In the glow of patriotic feeling that followed upon the great victory at Stalingrad, the ‘1812 overture’ was resurrected. I heard it played in Moscow early in 1944 for the first time in many years—and the audience shouted itself hoarse with enthusiasm. But the Department had not taken any risks: the Tsarist anthem had

been expunged from the score—and in its stead the experts had inserted snippets from Glinka’s opera ‘Ivan Susanin’.

I referred a moment ago to the work of party agitators in the Soviet peace campaign. Perhaps I should explain that there is an important distinction in Soviet terminology between agitation on the one hand, and propaganda on the other. The difference between these two means of mass persuasion are examined in some detail by Mr. Inkeles of Harvard University in a brilliant study of the structure of public opinion in the Soviet Union, published some months ago. Agitation, according to Mr. Inkeles, is the chief means for the political education of the working classes in the spirit of communism. The agitator passes on the slogans and decisions of the party leaders to the masses of the people, either through the printed word or through the spoken word—slogans such as those attacking Marshall Aid, or the North Atlantic Treaty, or extolling the peaceful policy of the Soviet Union. The agitator also explains the policy of the Party and the Government to the masses of the people—with the aim of mobilising all the workers for active and conscious participation in the building of the Soviet social order, and all that that entails.

Propaganda is something very different. It consists of the intensive elucidation of the teachings of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin and of the history of the Bolshevik Party and its task. Mr. Inkeles points out that it is through propaganda that party members are armed with the knowledge of the Marxist laws regarding the development of society. And propaganda is therefore directed, in the first place, at what are known as the more advanced sections of Soviet society—that is to say at party leaders in the lower ranks, at directors of factories and managers of the most important collective farms, at university professors, at responsible officials in government departments. All of them have to attend special propaganda schools from time to time. Journalists and editors are under a special obligation to attend.

From our western point of view, the work of the party agitator is perhaps of the greatest interest. The agitator does his work either through newspaper articles, as I have already explained; or in lectures and talks to groups of workers or peasants, or even face-to-face with a solitary housewife, or a patient in hospital. On board merchant ships at sea the party agitator is also active, and any fresh argument that he may require comes to him from the nearest Soviet broadcasting station. Mr. Inkeles estimates that there are about 2,000,000 agitators at work throughout the year—a figure that is based entirely upon Soviet sources of information. The numbers vary and at election times there are probably as many as 3,000,000. Even the lower figure worked out at one agitator for every sixty-five people over the age of fifteen years. In Moscow it is estimated that there is one agitator for every thirty people in the capital. All these agitators are technically volunteers—except journalists who are *ex officio* agitators anyway. They are farmers, or factory managers, or foremen, or schoolteachers who volunteer to act as party agitators in their spare time.

Among the most important duties of the party agitator is to ensure that the party slogans are given the widest possible circulation. There may be people who do not want to read the leading articles in *Pravda*—either in its national or its local edition. There may be some who are bored to tears by a report of one of Mr. Vyshinsky’s speeches. But the party agitator is always on the spot to make sure that people read whatever is considered to be of importance. If they have not got their copy of *Pravda* handy, the leading article—and any other uplifting material—will be read to them by the party agitator during a group meeting in the office, in the workshop, or in the barn. Attendance at these meetings is compulsory. And it is inadvisable to let the mind wander or to return unsatisfactory answers to the agitator’s questions.

Testing Reactions to Government Policy

An equally important part of the agitator’s duty is to test public reaction to government policy and to examine whatever grievances there may be against the administrative acts of its agents. Mr. Inkeles makes it clear that this examination is always conducted within a rigid hierarchical framework. That is to say, the local party agitator can deal only with affairs arising within his own local area; and if they affect people higher up in the administrative scale a report must go from the local party section to the town section or the country section and then, if necessary, all the way up through the republican sections to the centre of power itself. So this business of reporting grievances is not without its risks, since it may ultimately impinge upon the power and the privileges of important party leaders. Often the press—particularly the

(continued on page 662)

The Bewildering Diversity of Israel

By PHILIP TOYNBEE

IT seems to me probable that no other nation-state in world history has had such a diverse social pattern as Israel has today. From a distance, the nation gives an impression of homogeneity and unity; but to live in Israel is to experience the perpetual disclosure of new diversities, until there are moments when one reaches the insane point of bewilderment at which the whole existence of this multi-cultural community becomes inexplicable. The psychological fact which does unify the many peoples of this country is not their past experience in the diaspora: it is not a common motive which drove them all to leave their homes and to build a new home in this unpromising Promised Land. The experiences and the motives have been widely varied. The unifying factor in this community is simply the fact that all these different people are there, confronting a common and alarming threat to their continued existence. They confront it with an angry diversity of reaction, but it is the same problem which faces them.

The Governing Group

There exists in Israel a governing group, though nothing as yet which in the least resembles a governing class. The governing group is largely drawn from the Zionist pioneers, from men who have lived and worked in Palestine for twenty, thirty or forty years, the majority of whom were in some way connected with the Jewish Agency before the formation of the state, and a very strong element of whom are of Russian origin. Most of these men are also the fathers or children of the Israeli Labour Party, Mapai, which is, and is likely for many years to remain, by far the strongest individual party in the country. A misfortune which was perhaps inevitable in the nature of the building of this state is that the permanent civil service is also drawn largely from this governing group, or from others who are in political sympathy with it. In the government offices there is an unmistakable atmosphere of cliquishness and intrigue. The highest office held by a member of the opposition party of pro-Russian socialists is that of Minister in Warsaw, and he, in his relatively modest post, is an often-quoted exception to the unfortunate rule. No immigrant who has arrived since the State of Israel was created holds any important government post.

The post-state immigrants, who now form about one-third of the total population, do not in themselves constitute a cohesive group. They can be considered together only by virtue of their inexperience of the country, the relative difficulties they are finding in assimilating themselves and their temporary exclusion from official positions. At one extreme of this immigration is what is known as 'the hard core', permanent psychological victims of persecution who have been received here purely as to an asylum. This, however, is a small minority. Much larger in numbers and much tougher as a problem are those European immigrants who, though they were never physically tortured, have lived long years of fear, bewilderment and flight, ending as displaced persons in the immediate post-war years. All the authorities in the immigrant camps are agreed that those people are the most difficult of all to deal with; a recalcitrant apathy has taken possession of them; they constantly refuse work which is offered to them and they often seem content to stay indefinitely in the camps.

But the largest group of new European immigrants belongs to neither of these classes. They are Jews from Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and Austria who somehow survived the rather milder Nazi regimes in those countries and emerged with shops, homes and families more or less intact. Their motives for coming to Israel are mixed. Few indeed have come with any passionate pioneering enthusiasm, and many have been bitterly and vocally disappointed on their arrival there. This reminds me of a current Israeli story. A new immigrant, looking about him on landing at Haifa, was overheard to say: 'We have been waiting 2,000 years for the State, and it had to happen to me'. These new immigrants have an economic motive for leaving communist countries, since the majority of them were shopkeepers and business-men whose occupations were becoming increasingly anomalous. These occupations are somewhat anomalous in Israel as well, but a surprisingly large number of these newcomers have managed to start up businesses here, though under difficulties and with considerable dis-

gruntlement. They have swollen the ranks of an earlier and richer business class which is strongly opposed to the present government, and which exists here in a strange state of political and social isolation.

But these people are of little real importance for the future. When conditions allow it, no doubt they will emigrate and their absence will not be strongly felt. Of the utmost importance for the future are the great and increasing numbers of Oriental and North African immigrants. These Sephardic Jews, many of them deeply religious, nearly all of them illiterate, unsophisticated and primitive, are creating a profound moral problem for the new state. They already form a third of the population and it is possible that with their high birth-rate, they may even be in a majority before many years have passed. On the whole they have proved an amenable and industrious element, prepared, as one would expect, to do hard and necessary physical work which few of the European immigrants would undertake. There is almost no inter-marriage between these so-called 'dark' Jews and their European compatriots, and there is an obvious danger that the more backward group will become a purely proletarian class.

There is yet another group in this country which is in danger of becoming disconsolate. To the outside eye, the *Kibbutzim* or collective farms are so much the most dramatic element in the State of Israel that they have almost come to represent that mysterious entity. Here, too, they are waved like a flag in the faces of visitors and are, indeed, the legitimate pride of that 92 per cent. of the population which does not belong to them. Since they are responsible for most of the agricultural production here, and since the constellation of frontier settlements is of vital strategic importance, it would be absurd to say that the *Kibbutzim* are fading into insignificance. But, since they have not proved a useful instrument of absorption (few of the new-style immigrants are willing to join them) the Government is becoming increasingly exasperated with the whole *Kibbutz* movement, and the idealist pioneers of the *Kibbutzim* are feeling themselves increasingly isolated from the Government and from the urban population. Whether new or old immigrants, whether Palestine-born or not, whether supporters of the Israel Labour Party or the pro-Russian socialists, the collective settlers are unified by their stubborn determination to retain the new social form which they have evolved. They have as little in common with the smart cafe-society of Tel Aviv as Welsh miners have with Park Lane. And incidentally that cafe-society does look peculiarly disagreeable to an outside observer, if only because of its extreme unsuitability in Israel.

Men of the Future

Finally, within all these heterogeneous groups there is arising the still enigmatic figure of the Sabra, the Palestine-born Israeli. Many generalisations are made about the Sabras, but the only thing which is certain is that they are a new creation, having less and less in common with their immigrant parents. Whether in Tel Aviv or on the collective farms, these children and youths do in literal fact look entirely different from the Jewish children of Europe. They are, it can be generally and safely said, robustly and rather self-consciously uncomplicated, deliberately provincial, passionately concerned with the future of Israel but bored and irritated by the Jewish past. They are watched by their elders with a kind of apprehensive and bewildered admiration. Many older Israelis, when driven to self-mistrust by their failures and disputes, will resign themselves with a shrug to saying: 'But we don't matter. We shall soon be finished. The only thing that matters is the new generations which we produce here'. Thus it might seem that too heavy a burden is being put on the shoulders of the young. All one can say is that they seem to wear it lightly.

The latent or open hostilities within the State of Israel are really the same conflicts which are to be found in all the democratic countries of the world. Yet these local conflicts are also peculiar to Israel. The open political differences are the most conventional, though even they have, as everything in Israel has, their own oddities. There is, in any case, a clearly discernible political left, centre and right. On the extreme left are the communists, unique here not so much by the extremity of their political position as because they are the only non-Zionist political

group among the Jews of Israel. With only three deputies, they are not significant, and they are likely to become less so. They differ in no ideological or tactical respect from communists in other democratic states. Much more important is the pro-Soviet left-wing socialist party, Mapam. It has twenty out of the 120 members of Israel's parliament, but the party's influence and importance are greater than this would suggest. They have a small majority among members of the collective farms and a far greater following among the industrial workers than their parliamentary representation might suggest.

When the present Constituent Assembly (which acts as a parliament) was elected in 1948 it was generally expected that the new Government would be a coalition between the Labour Party and left-wing pro-Russian socialists. But the differences proved too great, and the Labour Party formed a coalition with the religious bloc instead. Feeling is now so bitter that a future alliance seems inconceivable. Domestic disputes are linked with a violent disagreement on foreign policy. In theory, the left-wing socialists stand for 'genuine' neutrality between east and west, as opposed to the 'appeasement of America' which is allegedly practised by Mr. Ben Gurion and the present Government. In practice, they are enthusiastically pro-Russian, except when the Zionist issue makes this impossible. The Mapamniks—as these pro-Russian socialists are called—feel a deep personal resentment against Mr. Ben Gurion, whom they regard as a virtual dictator, and also as one more example of a MacDonald, a socialist leader selling out to the right.

The General Zionists, with seven members in parliament, form a conventional conservative opposition, representing the shopkeepers and business-men of Israel. More violently to the right is the Freedom Party, with fourteen deputies. They are the heirs of the Irgun, believing still in Israel's 'historic right' to the whole of Transjordan, harshly opposed to the welfare state and supported by the more fanatical business elements as well as by a dwindling band of young romantics. There is some justification for the many people who label the Freedom Party a fascist party.

The religious bloc, which was the Labour Party's uneasy coalition partner for nearly three years, has sixteen members in parliament. Taken as a whole this bloc represents the moderate political right. Its daily paper has constantly criticised the Government for its socialising measures, and its three ministers have exerted a strong and constant

right-wing pressure on Mr. Ben Gurion. In February this tension within the coalition at last exploded. The issue was an interesting one, since it uncovered one of the deepest of all the internal rifts in Israel. Not far below the surface a virtual *Kulturkampf* is in progress there, and the real importance of the religious bloc is not directly political, but lies in its influence on, even hold on, the social life of the community. It must be understood that Israel is a semi-theocracy, and that this is bitterly resented by the seventy per cent. of the community who are non-believers in, and non-practisers of, the Jewish religion. The issue on which the coalition sprang apart was the question of the education of immigrant children. The religious bloc insisted that this should be



Bokharian women celebrating Israel's Independence Day in Jerusalem

exclusively in the hands of the rabbis, no matter what the inclination of the parents might be. In the past Ben Gurion had often given way to his importunate allies on issues almost as important as this one. For some reason this proved the last straw and on this straw the coalition foundered. But the *Kulturkampf* remains.

At the moment all law affecting personal status is still religious: there is no civil marriage in Israel, and every question of divorce, alimony and inheritance is decided by the rabbis. All this is strongly resented by the non-believing majority. And on this issue supporters of both the right and left wing are entirely agreed in their resentment.

There are many other stresses and tensions. National differences and antipathies, for example, persist in the most stubborn and ubiquitous way. The older generation of Russian Zionists are extremely proud of their origin, and frankly consider themselves to be the cream of the population. The German immigrants of the 'thirties are as *bürgerlich* as they ever were in Hamburg, Munich and Berlin. A very large number of them have failed or refused to learn Hebrew, and in Tel Aviv German is certainly the second language. On the whole, they are clean, proper, conventional people, easily offended by the louder and more obstreperous behaviour of their Polish and Central European compatriots. Immigrants from America and the British Commonwealth are a small but vigorous and conscientious element, almost always careful speakers of Hebrew but capable of Anglo-Saxon exasperation at the manners and methods of 'foreigners'. As for the Yemenites, the Iraqis, the North Africans, the Bokharians, these are still communities apart.

Beyond the national distinctions, there are certain antipathies between the immigrants of different periods; and finally there are the kind of local antipathies which exist in any country. Jerusalem considers Tel Aviv an ugly, loud, meretricious city, without dignity or civic pride. Tel Aviv, feeling inferior to Jerusalem, scorns the other city for its 'quietness', its air of superiority, its smugness. Members of collective farms have the traditional countrymen's dislike and contempt of the town. Yet these minor social antipathies are seldom bitter. Perhaps they are even a sign of health, since their repression would certainly be a sign of danger. These are awkward years for Israel, and though the state has been formed, a true community is still in formation. The war against the Arabs in 1948 showed how quickly all these differences could be forgotten when the community was in danger. And though many of the new immigrants who have come here since then may be disgruntled and a little unco-operative in peace-time, another threat to Israel would certainly see the same phenomenon of a fanatically united people.—From a talk in the Third Programme



An Israeli farmer feeding calves on the Dafne Kibbutzim or collective farm

The Listener

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Too Many Books?

A GOOD deal of publicity has recently been given in the daily newspapers to a rumour that authors' royalties are to be reduced. The basis for the rumour appears to be a statement circulated by the Publishers Association about the difficulties of their business. Publishers, like farmers, rarely appear to be happy, except perhaps when launching would-be 'best sellers' at cocktail parties. However, we have it on the authority of the President of the Publishers Association that the only function of that body is to make 'suggestions' and no doubt it will depend upon an author's status and previous successes whether or not he has his royalties reduced. The new or newish author never expects to make more than a few pounds out of his books (indeed, judged in terms of sweat, blood and typing paper he is lucky if he does not lose money) and now perhaps he will make less than ever.

It is paradoxical that this situation should arise at a time when, as has been pointed out elsewhere, seldom have more books been published, while the balance sheets of a number of leading publishers do not, at least to the uninitiated, appear to offer grave cause for alarm. Some people have argued that there are in fact too many publishers, for to enter publishing carries with it an air of prestige and power that compensates for some financial embarrassment. Thus at one end of the scale we find publishing firms making adequate profits and at the other end publishing firms suffering constant difficulties. Which class of firm is responsible for the many indifferent books that get themselves published might make a problem for analysis, but the existence of such books would seem to lend colour to the suggestion that there are too many books and too many publishers. On the other hand, there cannot be too many authors. For anybody is entitled to spend his time and money on trying to write a book. But he has not, or should not have, the right to get his book published. Worth-while books generally are published, even if it is a hundred years after their authors are dead. The trouble is that too many bad books get published while the author is alive.

Today we publish our Spring Book Number and thus allow rather more space for the reviewing of books than usual. But even with the aid of such Book Numbers many books unavoidably have to go unreviewed. It is often technical books or other books, which for one reason or another are likely to be of concern only to a small section of our readers, that are thus left out in the cold. Nevertheless it is the experience of every literary editor that a fair number of books which are published every year are 'not worth reviewing'. If this judgment is sound, it is further support for the argument that there are in fact too many books. But there is one thing that deserves to be said both for the publisher and the author (without whom, though the fact is sometimes overlooked, the publisher could not exist): that fact is that reading is one of the cheapest forms of indoor entertainment, apart from the wireless. In return for the payment of rates anyone may read in a public library, and public libraries are better than they ever were. No wonder that an author with a fourpenny or sixpenny royalty in his pocket looks with gloom mingled with pride at a well-worn copy of his book in the public library. Though there may be too many books when titles are counted, to the author there can never be too many sold copies of his own book.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on General MacArthur's speech

GENERAL MACARTHUR'S SPEECH to Congress was the main subject of international comment last week. Apart from the enthusiastic reaction of the Republican press in the United States the main verdict of western commentators was that while the General delivered a brilliant military analysis, the remaining contents of his speech were unfortunate. In many quarters his charge that the west had followed a policy of appeasement in the far east was, in particular, refuted. Another point made by many western commentators was that the paradox of the situation whereby a dismissed Commander had been invited to address Congress and had been welcomed as a hero was a signal example of free expression in a democracy.

In the United States a number of Republican newspapers, comparing General MacArthur's oratory to that of Mr. Churchill's, bitterly attacked the Administration and emphasised that his speech demanded an answer. Of the more responsible Republican newspapers, the *New York Herald Tribune*, like the *New York Times*, continued to maintain that the President had been right to dismiss the General. The *Herald Tribune* was quoted as observing that MacArthur's policy would run the great risk of an all-out war with China as well as possible serious divisions among the western allies. But the newspaper believed that the differences between himself and the Administration concerned method and strategy rather than fundamental policy:

In his general analysis of the historic forces at work in the Far East and in the world MacArthur did not differ greatly from the conclusions of nearly all informed minds. . . . He forcefully and effectively repudiated the idea that he believes the east to be paramount over Europe or that he is aiming to foment world war in Asia. . . . There are no real issues of uniting policy or patriotism; in this debate there are no traitors, but only sincere men who may have different views as to method but are at one in their loyalty to the great ideals of freedom. General MacArthur, in leaving that impression behind his moving words, made perhaps his greatest contribution to this difficult hour in our history.

The *Washington Post* was quoted for the view that what the General's recommendations amount to are war against the wrong foe on the wrong battlefield, fought without allies and with the real enemy nursing his resources while the United States is bogged down in conflict with China. Then, after paying tribute to the manner in which MacArthur stated his case, the newspaper called for a rational, and not an emotional, examination of it:

Now the real debate is on—the debate upon the edges of which this country has been hovering for twelve months. Some of the facts are still missing. Outstanding among them is the past as well as the present position of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. . . . For a long time there has been more than a doubt in the public mind that the Administration had got out of the habit of coming clean with the American people. . . . When the facts are known, we have faith that the proper course will be laid clear and that a new unity will be created for following it.

From western Germany, the Christian Democrat *Der Tag* was quoted for the following comment:

Yesterday MacArthur was able freely to present his opinion which, as everyone knows, disagrees with that of the President and of the Secretary of State. This is a proof of democracy's strength. In Moscow, a stubborn General would have been silenced. In Washington he was called upon to speak. One may be divided over MacArthur's conception of tactics. But on one point he is incontrovertible: communism threatens the whole world. Therefore one cannot oppose it merely in one place.

From eastern Germany came a typical communist comment in the form of a quotation from *Neue Zeit*:

What right have the Americans to build fortresses and walls along the whole Asian continent as if we were still living in the days of Caesar? But the main point made by communist commentators was that MacArthur's address to Congress showed that his dismissal had not altered the main lines of western policy. Up to the time of writing there has been no Soviet reaction to the speech, but an editorial in *Pravda* on the alleged reasons for his dismissal, which was broadcast on the Soviet home service on the day before the General's speech, was subsequently given maximum publicity in Moscow's foreign services. The basic thesis in this lengthy broadcast was that MacArthur had been discarded because he had failed successfully to carry through the aggressive, and at the same time unpopular, policy for which Truman himself was responsible.

Did You Hear That?

THE BUTTERFLIES RETURN

'WE ARE NOW getting to the time of the year when each day may bring some new butterfly into sight', said C. B. WILLIAMS in a Home Service talk. 'Some of them, like the Brimstone and the Small Tortoiseshell, have spent the winter as adult butterflies hidden away in protected corners, ready to wake up at the first warm spell even if it comes as early as February; and then at the return of the cold they go back to sleep again. Others, like the three Cabbage Whites and the Orange Tip, have hibernated as chrysalises, and they need a longer warm period before they emerge. Still others, such as the Meadow Brown and Ringlet, have been in the caterpillar stage during the winter; and before they can appear as butterflies they have to finish their feeding and pass through the chrysalis stage. These come along later in the spring.

'There is still another group of butterflies which do not normally survive our winter in any stage; and so each spring there has to be an immigration from abroad to re-establish our summer populations—for example, the Painted Lady and the Clouded Yellow which come over almost every year; and the rarer visitors like the Bath White and the Long-tailed Blue, which may only turn up once in several years.

'The study of these immigrant butterflies has been my special hobby for a long time, and I would like to tell you something about them.

First of all, I must say that many people think butterflies live only for a few days, and that in that time they "stay put" in quite small areas. This is only true of a few kinds. There are many others that can live—I mean in the butterfly stage—for several months, and during this period they may move literally hundreds of miles.

'Take the case of the Painted Lady. If you see one in your garden early in June, you can know it probably hatched out of a chrysalis a month or two previously in southern Europe, or even in North Africa; and from there it will have flown the thousand-odd miles over the sea,

other hand the lovely Camberwell Beauty—a large dark coloured butterfly with a white border, which I have never been fortunate enough to see alive—comes to us in the late summer from the east across the North Sea. So, when we see it at all, it is most often in our eastern counties, even as far north as Aberdeen, and it gets rarer than ever towards the west.

'Altogether, out of a total of about sixty-eight British butterflies, seventeen are known to be immigrants. I would like to mention two: the Bath White and the Monarch. The former had been a very great rarity for over a hundred years and then in 1945 it suddenly appeared in hundreds all along our south coast; since that year it has been as rare as it was before. The Monarch is unique in that it comes to us across the Atlantic from North America, which is its real home. It is larger than any of our native species, rich chestnut-brown in colour, with black veins and a few small white spots. In the last seventy years nearly 200 have been captured or seen in the British Isles, mostly along the south coast, but including one in the Shetland Islands'.

LAMBING STORMS

'Over most of Britain in winter', said Professor GORDON MANLEY in 'Science Survey' on April 12, 'the average temperature of the air in the lowlands is in the lower forties, like that of the sea round our shores. If

you experiment with a thermometer you will find that on most days when the precipitation is continuous, rain only will fall at 40 degrees; at 38 degrees a keen-eyed motorist will see an occasional blob of sleet among the raindrops on his windscreen; at 35 degrees it probably hits you in the eye as you walk; but at 32 degrees small dry flakes will be flying before the wind. Flakes tend to get smaller the lower the temperature; so drifting begins whenever the wind exceeds about 15 m.p.h.

'Although much depends on the time of day and other factors, by and large our temperatures fall about a degree for each 280 feet of ascent. So on many days



Monarch butterfly



Red Admiral

the mountains and the fields without any apparent difficulty. In the same way our Clouded Yellows come north from southern Europe in the spring. Red Admirals come along with them, but in this species a small number undoubtedly survive our winter, so that there are here in early summer both home-bred and foreigners mixed together.

'Those immigrants which come to us from the south are usually most common along the south coast, and get rarer as we go north. Pale Clouded Yellows scarcely ever reach the North of England. Painted Ladies, on the other hand, often reach the extreme north of Scotland, and have occasionally been found in Iceland, which is over 1,600 miles from the probable start of their flight in North Africa. On the



Orange Tip drying its wings after emerging from the chrysalis



Pale Clouded Yellow feeding on the nectar of a clover

when nothing but chilly rain can be seen in the lowlands, a heavy drifting snowfall prevails in the hills. The past winter has been characterised by a remarkable amount of that chilly, though not severely cold, type of air known as short-track maritime-polar; as a result, many of our higher-lying towns and villages in the north will long remember how often they have experienced raw sleet and melting snow, while on the mountains, to name only one, Crossfell, it has been continually white since the middle of November. This is quite unusual; in a normal winter we can expect two or three incursions of warm maritime-tropical air giving enough heavy rain to remove almost all the snow.

'A fall in the average temperature from 40 degrees to 32

degrees makes a great difference to our expectations. That is why the average number of days with snow falling, or with snow cover, varies so much; it increases rapidly not only with altitude, but also with proximity to the colder continental air-masses in winter and those of the Arctic in spring. Prolonged winter snowfalls, giving a deep cover in the south, generally occur with a strong easterly wind, hence all our eastward-facing uplands generally get the greater depth of fall. Then there are the snowy showers. When cold air approaches us across a warmer sea instability develops, that is, the surface layers become warmer and moister and rise on the slightest provocation. This explains why in cold windy weather scattered snow showers are much more frequent on all coastal hills open to the north and east. When the Arctic air comes down upon us in March, those who live on the downs in east Kent or behind Cromer in north Norfolk know how often they catch the snow showers while further inland it remains sunny; and the same is true of the Cleveland, the east Durham uplands, the Lammermuirs and Buchan. Scotsmen call these the lambing storms. With a north wind North Wales also catches the snow showers off the Irish Sea, while the Lake District may remain free'.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

'A few months ago', said ALISTAIR COOKE in his 'Letter from America', 'a tall, modest man of distinguished bone structure, let us say, came into New York from the west; he had a trenchant profile and pop blue eyes. His manner was assured, but his voice was gentle and his hands were fine. He looked like the best type of old-time British diplomat; this is not surprising because that is what he was. He had come to the end of a long life of service and he was going home to retire. Why did he come from the west? Because he had spent most of his life in the far east. He need not, of course, have come back through the United States, but he had a life-long ambition which involved this country and this town.'

'When he came into New York the British consular people here asked him what he wanted to see on his first, and very likely his last, visit. The city officials had been tipped off to his arrival and he could have had any special privilege for the asking. Did he want to go up Radio City and the Empire State Building at dawn or midnight? It could be arranged. Would he like the brisk and brilliant Robert Moses to take him over the New York parkway system, and explain to him the wonders of the divided highway, the clover leaf separation, the joy of driving out of New York for forty miles without a traffic light? Or visit the Mayor at the old colonial house he lives in overlooking the East River?

'He was overcome by this concern, but he hedged with obvious embarrassment. He knew exactly what he wanted to do, but at the same time he did not want to seem ungrateful. "There is something I've wanted to do all my life", he said, "and it can only be done here". His hosts wondered wildly what they could have overlooked. They fell

into respectful silence. "I should most like", he said, "to go up to the place on Park Avenue where the trains come out from under ground, and watch the Twentieth Century go by". The Twentieth Century is the most famous express train from New York to Chicago—but at that it is only a train. The consular faces fell. "We think it could be arranged, sir", they said, and it was. So they checked a time with Grand Central Station and at 5.45 in the evening they took a cab up Park Avenue and arrived at 96th Street, just before six o'clock. They paid off the cab and the Vice-Consuls marched the old man to the middle of the Avenue.

'Park Avenue goes for four miles straight as an arrow, though it rises and falls, down by the elegant office and apartment buildings that adjoin Grand Central Station, right up into the 90s where the tall, smart blocks of flats give out, and then the arrow cuts right between Harlem's crummy tenements, on through Little Spain and the dirty brick and the peeling posters of the slums where the Puerto Ricans live. An address on Park Avenue doesn't mean a thing, but the number means a great deal. It is a wide avenue, divided in the middle by railed-in strips of grass all the way up to 96th Street. Anywhere along that two-and-a-half-mile stretch, but especially in the 40s, you can stand on the sidewalk and periodically feel the earth shake: somewhere, deep down below the pavement, a train is coming or going. There is no such thing as a train "puffing" out of New York; all trains go electrically and underground out of the city, and when they are out in the suburbs they switch to steam or diesel engines.

'Until after the first world war, Park Avenue was not a smart street at all. The trains came right out of Grand Central above ground and chuffed up Park Avenue, and so on, to White Plains or Poughkeepsie or Chicago in the west.

And then the Avenue was cemented over and the electric system came in. The land values of Park Avenue hit the sky; rich people began to move away from Riverside Drive, overlooking the Hudson, and blocks of flats went up, and Park Avenue was the place. Nobody missed the trains at all, except little boys. And little boys, as you know, transmit a kind of folk knowledge from generation to generation with all the tribal stealth of Indians, so that my

own little boy, at the age of three, announced that he wanted to watch the trains come out of the ground. He watched them for a year, and in drenching heat and whirling snow we stood in the middle of the Avenue, where now this old Ambassador stood, watch in hand.

"You don't suppose we've missed it, sir?" said one Vice-Consul hopefully. "I'm afraid I'm a little slow". The old man put his watch to his ear; his eye kindled: "She'll be leaving just about now", he said. The young Vice-Consuls were uncomfortable, trying to look important and looking merely foolish. The old man cocked his head, a tremor rumbled through the soles of his shoes, and he straightened like a pointer. The rumble grew louder, and at four minutes after six precisely it happened. The high red signals blinked to green, the gleaming silver body of the Twentieth Century snaked into view, flashed for a moment as it came up on to the trestle, and in another moment the rearlight of the caboose had vanished. "It is magnificent", said the old man, putting his watch away. They took another cab, and he went back to England a richly contented man. Apparently he has nothing left to live for'.

The B.B.C. has published *Britain Through the Microphone*, a Festival Supplement to *London Calling*, the overseas journal of the Corporation. It is now on sale, price 6d.



The Twentieth Century: above, view of the express train as it draws out of Grand Central station, New York; right, interior of the observation car



Were Chances Missed by the Allies?

By L. B. NAMIER

THE question whether opportunities were missed by the Allies in their treatment of Germany clearly does not refer to opportunities for stopping German rearmament and Hitler's frenzied career. That these were missed no one can doubt. But were opportunities missed during the Weimar period for reintegrating a democratic Germany into the European comity of nations, or, later on, for active co-operation with anti-Nazi elements in Germany?

German History in Fact and Fiction

There is now in Allied hands an amount of material for a history of those years such as historians never had for any previous period; and it is to be hoped that none of the captured German archives will be returned without having first been microfilmed. Still, it will take many years and the work of many scholars before even the most important material has been printed and digested; and even then such publications will reach only a very narrow circle of readers. But long before well-founded judgments percolate to a wider public, tenets and slogans, based on insufficient or deliberately twisted evidence, may strike root—as happened with German propaganda after the first world war.

The first thing that will reach that wider public are one-volume memoirs and romanticised biographies. These the Germans have already started producing by the dozen; some write them to furbish up tarnished reputations; others to make money; and all alike to make out a case for the German nation. Most of these writers at best make a perfunctory reference to the crimes committed by a regime which, as long as it was successful, had the enthusiastic support of the German nation. And how many people will read the evidence of those crimes carefully examined and sifted by men of undoubted integrity and standing?

The first Germans to publish their memoirs are men who served Hitler but who now try to prove that in reality they opposed or even sabotaged him, or that, at least, they were out of sympathy, and out of favour, with the Nazi regime. We have memoirs by Schacht, Hitler's financial wizard; Weizsaecker, State Secretary in the German Foreign Office, 1938-43; Dirksen, Ambassador to Moscow, Tokyo, and London; Erich Kordt, for nearly seven years Ribbentrop's secretary; Schmidt, official interpreter of the German Foreign Office and of Hitler; Meissner, *chef de cabinet* to Ebert, Hindenburg, and Hitler; and by many other minor servants of the regime whose makers and leaders are practically all dead.

The factual material in these books is mostly of very small value: some of the writers supply a selective or embellished rehash of evidence which they gave at Nuremberg, now without having to face cross-examination; others dish up selections from their dispatches or memoranda; some pad their books with second-hand material which they produce as if it was their own; still others seem to give a free rein to their imagination; and what seems most odd is how many of these former members of the German Civil Service, with its reputation for meticulous accuracy, are staggeringly inaccurate even where no political purpose enters into the matter. Thus Dirksen muddles up his dates and constructs impossible timetables; Schmidt seems not to have studied even his own printed minutes; and after Kordt had in his first book published an imaginary text of Mussolini's letter to Hitler of August 25, 1939, others copy it from him without noticing that he himself has dropped it in his second edition: it reappears in Schmidt, even in his English edition; it appears again in the recently published memoirs of Peter Kleist; it has become a classic of German historical literature. The genuine text of the letter was printed by the Americans in 1948. Serious students will treat this mushroom growth of memoirs with the utmost reserve, and readers had best accept nothing from them unless confirmed by some independent and more scholarly authority.

These memoirs are of value mainly as illustrating the minds and characters of their authors, and certain trends in the formation of German myths. Mussolini once said about the Germans that they are dangerous because they dream collectively. More than that: they

remember collectively; they invent collectively; they are unsurpassed in mental gregariousness. Writing about the pre-1914 period, they assert, as is done by Weizsaecker, that while German policy was clumsy, that of the Entente was intent on war; and when they reach the Paris Peace Conference, vituperation becomes well-nigh automatic. Men like Weizsaecker or Erich Kordt must know about the long deliberations and struggles within the Allied delegations and between them over the peace terms for Germany; how, for instance, Lloyd George had those terms revised against the judgment of the foremost Foreign Office experts, hoping that such revision would render them acceptable to fair-minded Germans. But this does not prevent Weizsaecker from asserting that it was the deliberate aim of the Versailles Treaty to create permanent discord between Germany and Poland. Or again, Erich Kordt, having described how in November 1938 Ribbentrop and Ciano drew impromptu a frontier between Czechoslovakia and Hungary, remarks: 'More frivolous could not have been even the treatment of frontiers at Versailles'. But all this is merely a fitting prelude to the further German indictment of the Allies.

That indictment affirms that the Allies, and not the Germans, are to blame for what has happened in the last thirty years. First it asserts that the Allies, by conceding too little and too late to the Weimar Republic, caused its downfall. Next, that good and true men in the German Army and Foreign Office were plotting against Hitler in September 1938, and were about to overthrow him, when Neville Chamberlain saved him by ill-timed visits to Berchtesgaden and Munich. And, lastly, that Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt, by insisting on Germany's unconditional surrender, unnecessarily prolonged the war and destroyed Germany as a bulwark against Soviet Russia.

I take these theses one by one. Undoubtedly, if after the first world war the Western Powers had promptly evacuated the occupied zones of Germany, written off reparations, and admitted Germany to equality in armament, the Germans would have felt that a measure of atonement had been made for the crime of defeating them—or for their having been, according to Hitler, fooled into throwing away their arms by chatter about President Wilson's Fourteen Points. That financial restitution and military security for the future were France's due is not acknowledged—Weizsaecker condemns even Locarno as too high a price paid for Germany's readmission to the European comity. And anyhow for the Germans the immediate problem was not in the west but in the east. Although at least eighty per cent. of the population in the territories ceded by them to Poland were Polish, not one responsible German statesman or general of the Weimar period would have accepted those frontiers as final.

Collaboration with Russia

Dirksen says that the Germans expected the Corridor, Upper Silesia, and the greater part of Posen to be restored to them; speaks approvingly of the Rapallo Treaty, concluded in 1922 with the Bolsheviks on an anti-Polish basis; relates how that proud Junker, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, in 1928, on his death-bed, wrote a farewell letter to Chicherin and Litvinov, exhorting them to continue the tradition of German-Russian friendship; and describes the co-operation between the Reichswehr and Soviet Russia, destroyed, to Dirksen's unfeigned regret, by Hitler. Weizsaecker's most pleasing memories of his work at Geneva seem to be of German collaboration with the Russians, to which spice was added by the annoyance which, according to him, it caused Lord Cecil; nor does Weizsaecker hide the satisfaction he felt at Hitler's entering into negotiations with Stalin in 1939; and from authoritative documents it is known how both Halder and Weizsaecker, in 1940 and 1941, tried to convince Hitler that possible Anglo-Russian co-operation should be prevented by concessions to Russia at the expense of Britain rather than by attacking Russia. That wish for co-operation with Russia, whatever her regime, is best expressed in a memorandum which General von Seeckt, Chief of the Reichswehr from 1920 till 1926, wrote in July 1922—and please mark, he wrote it not for some fellow-Junkers, but for the Catholic Chancellor, Wirth, and

the Socialist President, Ebert, men representing the core of the so-called Weimar democracy. 'Poland's existence', wrote von Seeckt, 'is intolerable, and incompatible with the vital needs of Germany. She must disappear, and disappear she will through her own inner weakness and through Russia's action—with our help. . . . With Poland falls . . . the predominance of France'. And Seeckt concludes: 'That goal is attainable. But only through Russia or with her help'.

Friendship with the west would not have changed the German programme. In fact, its condition was a free hand for Germany in the east. But if Germany, in collaboration with Russia, had re-established her position in eastern and south-eastern Europe, how long would she have remained moderate in the west or over colonies? After Sadova came Sedan; after Munich, a second Sedan.

And now for the story of the frustrated German plots. Weizsaecker said in evidence at his trial that twice the conspirators were about to take action against Hitler: the first plot failed because of the news about Neville Chamberlain's coming to Berchtesgaden, the second because of Munich. How very unfortunate! But what was the basis of that conspiracy which evaporated in the heat of Hitler's successes? Very simple: these generals and diplomatists could not believe that the Western Powers would abandon Czechoslovakia, as Hitler maintained they would; and were convinced that Germany would suffer defeat in a major war. They therefore wanted to stop Hitler from rashly provoking it, instead of working for what Weizsaecker called approvingly a 'chemical dissolution' of Czechoslovakia. A difference in tactics rather than in aims or morals. The moment the Western Powers gave way, the reason for opposing Hitler was gone. But had they not given way, would there have been a *coup* against Hitler? And would it have succeeded? General Halder was to have fixed its date; and about him, an active conspirator, Schlabrendorff, writes that he was said to be 'very nearly determined'. Similarly, Schacht writes: 'Halder seems to have been relatively determined'. With leaders nearly or relatively determined, conspiracies do not succeed against a Hitler and a Gestapo: this explains a good deal of the failure of the attempt on July 20, 1944.

Weizsaecker himself asks why nothing was undertaken against Hitler during the six months before the outbreak of war when it was clear that he was 'gambling recklessly with Germany's fate and future'. 'Was it', he asks, 'for lack of a suitable man?' 'Not everyone', he says, 'is cut out for the part of a Brutus, and not every time suits a Brutus. The German by nature is ill-fitted for a revolutionary'. And he concludes: 'Much was discussed, but no attempt was made to act'. And Erich Kordt closes a tale full of melodrama: 'It was not an accident, nor fate, but our own insufficiency which got us where we now stand!' Would it not therefore be more decent to bury altogether the story of Chamberlain's fatal interventions?

And now for the German thesis about unconditional surrender as against a negotiated peace of cordial understanding; what were the

terms on which the 'good Germans' were prepared to negotiate while still able to formulate their own conditions? Erich Kordt quotes from his own memorandum of October 1939, which, he says, received the approval of the military leaders. A 'peace with honour', according to them, should have left Germany the Munich frontiers; should have re-connected East Prussia with the Reich; and retroceded to it the industrial area in Upper Silesia. 'Such a solution', he wrote, 'would satisfy the real German national interest. It would avoid burdening Germany with alien elements, and yet, for geographic and economic reasons, would secure for her a predominant influence over a rump-Czechia and a rump-Poland'. Von Hassell and his friends put forward in February 1940 another set of territorial terms: they kept silent about the union of Austria and the Sudetenland with the Reich but demanded a German-Polish frontier 'more or less identical with the German frontier of 1914'.

Would the 'good Germans' have insisted on some such terms in 1943, or '44, or '45? It depended on the chances which a negotiation would have offered them. And here it should be remembered that the need of defeating Germany decisively, and of thus preventing the rise of a new legend about her not having been defeated but cheated into surrender, was only one element in the situation. What mattered most was not to reproduce the situation which, at the Congress of Vienna, enabled Talleyrand to manoeuvre between the Powers of the victorious Coalition, and finish as the ally of Great Britain and Austria against Russia and Prussia. If in 1919 there was unwillingness to negotiate with the Germans about the peace terms, the reason for it lay in a desire not to dictate, but to avoid the dangers inherent in re-discussing terms laboriously agreed upon between a number of allies.

And what was the situation towards the end of the second world war? Experience has shown by now what it would have meant to seek agreement with Soviet Russia on terms to be presented to the Germans. But if differences had appeared between the Western Allies and Russia, there can hardly be a doubt which side would have been best able to buy the friendship and co-operation of the Germans. Soviet Russia could have offered them the frontiers of the Ribbentrop-Molotov Treaty of August 1939, or the old German eastern frontier of 1914; whereas the Western Allies could hardly have offered them even the frontier of the Versailles Treaty, especially if Poland was reduced in the east to the Curzon line. Whatever the ethnic justification of that line, the Poles could not have been asked by their Western Allies to accept it without compensation, at the very least, in Danzig and Upper Silesia: that is, without a better access to the sea and a recovery of the Polish-speaking districts lost by Poland in the Silesian plebiscite. In other words, negotiations with the Germans would not have established a German bulwark against Russia, but would have recreated a Russian-German alliance and established their common domination on the Continent, under Soviet leadership.—*Third Programme*

Thinking about Oxford

By JOHN CONNELL

TEN years ago this month I was in an aircraft flying up the length of Africa, from Durban to Cairo. On the second morning of the journey heading due north from Mozambique, we had breakfast of rolls and honey and cups of delicious hot coffee. As we ate, my table companion and I had a long, nostalgic conversation about Oxford. He was a brother officer of mine. His name was Christopher Cadogan. He was killed a month or two later somewhere in the Mediterranean theatre of war. He was a talented, lovable young man. He had been President of the Union, I think. His school was Eton and his college was Magdalen; he was an ardent member of the Labour Party, and if he had survived I am sure he would have long since been a valuable Minister in Mr. Attlee's Government.

I wonder why, when I begin to think about Oxford, my memory evokes, first of all, this image. Is it perhaps because Christopher Cadogan seemed to me to embody and typify all the qualities of mind and spirit, of outlook and manner, which are summed up in the name Oxford? He was a few years younger than myself; but he and I both

belonged to the generation that grew up between the two wars. If you are old enough to remember, you will know that in those years Oxford's name was very often in front of the public, very often rather blatantly displayed in the headlines of the popular newspapers. There were Oxford bags. There was an absurd exploit called the Oxford balloon club. Two young men of my acquaintance fought a duel. Somebody else was alleged to have conducted a lobster on a lead down the High. There was a tempest of public indignation because the Union passed a motion of which the drift was that the young men would not fight for their king and country. Oxford hardly ever won the Boat Race; and from time to time the public would be asked whether it thought Oxford was 'decadent'.

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho! It is ten years since I flew up the length of Africa and watched the strange, green, slimy sea far below, and listened to Christopher Cadogan talking about Magdalen on May morning, and about the magnolia that blooms outside Balliol Hall, and the Turf tavern and strawberries and cream in Eights Week. And it will be nearly twenty years next June since I stopped being an undergraduate. I

see Oxford therefore in fair perspective. But I am awed by my own presumption. When I begin to write about Oxford, or to talk about it in front of a microphone, I challenge masters of my craft: Matthew Arnold, Max Beerbohm, Compton Mackenzie, or even Christopher Hobhouse, my own contemporary in my own College, an angular, disdainful, eager youth who loved Oxford and wrote a book about it which was a most admirable and learned tribute.

'Steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age . . . Oh yes, oh yes . . . 'adorable' dreamer, home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs . . . 'Yes, yes, yes. And yes to young Michael Fane wandering in the dusk of fading spires and towers, and discovering 'a bookshop glowing like a jewel in the gloom of an ancient street'. And yes to the hecatombs of undergraduates hurling themselves into the river all for love of the beautiful, unattainable . . . Zuleika Dobson.

Oxford is a symbol and a talisman. Oxford is also—I have reason to know this, since I am a member of the Education Committee of the London County Council—an efficient large-scale further education unit, offering courses from matriculation to honours degree level, and providing opportunities for academic, scientific and technological research. In fact, what I call in my old-fashioned way a University.

Oxford is a cathedral city and a market centre; it stands at the major crossroads of England; and in its suburbs there is yet another Oxford—industrial Oxford—Morris-Oxford, an Oxford which is the rival and competitor of Detroit and Willow Run. How does the adorable dreamer dovetail with—sorry, marry up with—the conveyor belt? Can any manifestations of the human mind and spirit be more incongruous than Matthew Arnold's high-flown romanticism—all the dreaming spires gambit, as I have heard it inelegantly described—and the products of Lord Nuffield's genius and enterprise?

There is this to be said at once. All the various aspects of Oxford are interlinked and interdependent. I believe it is a false view of Oxford as a living entity to think of it, as it were, in separate compartments. Market town, Cathedral, University, industrial development are all historically and organically connected. The market grew up because the river was fordable, and because the roads met here, the road from Birmingham and the north, the road from the Cotswolds and the Severn valley and the Welsh marches, the road from London and the road from Winchester and the south. The colleges, the students' halls clustered round the medieval town for precisely the same reason as the colleges, the students' halls clustered round medieval Paris. The colleges became rich and powerful with the endowments of great princes of the Church and great merchant adventurers; they welded themselves into the University, and for several centuries the town slumbered as a subordinate appendage, a humble client of the splendour of the gown. So it was in the boyhood of William Morris, who came in as a lad from a neighbouring village and had a

little bicycle shop in the shadow of Magdalen and of New College. Every single person who was an undergraduate at Oxford between 1895 and 1914 now claims that young Bill Morris mended his bicycle for him.

'Little did we think then . . . ' gossips in wildly fanciful reminiscence the country clergyman, or the distinguished civil servant or the famous novelist. Well, it's an amiable, harmless conceit. And today Lord Nuffield is the most princely benefactor that Oxford has known for centuries, a man whose generousities rank alongside those of William of Wykeham and of John de Balliol, of Wolsey and of Laud. So, you see, it is churlish as well as short-sighted to try to separate one Oxford from another—the academic from the industrial, the romantic from the realist.

Of course, one aspect is bound to be dominant in the image of Oxford which each of us carries around for life. Mine, I confess, is frankly romantic. Rose-tinted by time, it is the projection of my own youth, twenty years and more ago. It is also an ideal. For I believe that the University of Oxford gives, to all the transitory generations who scurry through it, the possibility, the opportunity of discovering and of cleaving to certain beliefs of permanent value. The name University, after all, implies consideration, search and study of that which is universal. I believe that any university—above all, the University of Oxford—must promote, proclaim and lead the search for what is true at all times and for all people. Universities exist to study the humanities, not techniques. They exist to foster, in any and every way they can, the mind and spirit of man—the mind that can invent the conveyor belt, and the spirit that knows what to do with that same conveyor belt. But

a university does not exist to be part of the conveyor belt.

I believe that any young person's years at a university ought to be a search for the makings of the good life; they ought not to be a harassed chase in pursuit of a degree or a diploma that will ensure a safe, snug job in after life. And I believe that the real and lasting gifts and values of a university education are insubstantial but important. They are finding out what wisdom is, as distinct from knowledge; they are those moments, unaccountable and unforgettable—do you know C. E. Montague's description of them?—moments 'which raise the soul of enjoyment within you to strangely higher powers of itself', moments when a page of a book becomes a

sudden, dazzling illumination of eternal truth, moments when the intervening darkness thins and we can see into the heart of life.

When I think about Oxford, I think about times like those, and I thank God for them. I think, too, about absurd extravagances, about friendships and love-affairs and laughter and argument and a quite remarkable piece of poultry which used to be served in Balliol Hall on Sunday nights, called 'hazel hen'. I recall the formidable, legendary figures of my time: Provost Phelps of Oriel who wore a black boater



Magdalen Tower from the bridge
Val Doone



Cherry blossom in New College

E. W. Tattersall

and a white clerical tie, who never walked anywhere but went about always at an extraordinary tripping trot, who took a cold bath every morning and—so the myth ran—used to be heard in the bleak winter dawn slapping himself and urging 'Come Provost, be a man, Provost!', 'In with you, Provost'. Or Provost M'Grath of the Queen's College, who had been elected a Fellow before the university reforms of the eighteen-fifties, and was still there when I was a freshman in 1928, and still eating a lot of seed-cake at teatime on Sunday. Or the fabulous character who was alleged to be an unfrocked priest; he was stout and rosy and benevolent and he wore a cassock and a *biretta*, but every

he had sung with such joy, a ribald ditty whose last verse was:

Then lett us drink and dance a galliard
In the remembrance of the Mallard
And as the Mallard doth in poole
Lett's dabble, dive and drink in bowle.

A soloist—often and often it was Cosmo Lang—sings the verse, and the whole College comes in with the refrain:

O by the blood of King Edward
O by the blood of King Edward
It was a swapping, swapping Mallard.

In that song there is a great deal of the essence of Oxford, I believe, but if you ask me what a swapping Mallard is, I'll admit I don't know, because I am not and never shall be a Fellow of All Souls.

There was a production of 'Twelfth Night' by the OUDS at the end, I think, of my second year at Oxford. It was in the garden of the Queen's College, in front of the Library. I have very little recollection of the details of the performance; the Olivia was Miss Jessica Tandy who went to America and won fame, and the Malvolio was Mr. Lionel Hale. Who played Feste I cannot now recall across the gulf of time; but for me the whole matter of being young and being an undergraduate is distilled in the memory of this young man, whose name I have forgotten, singing Feste's final song, as all the lights in the garden went out and the summer darkness deepened around him.

A great while ago the world begun.
With hey-ho, the wind and the rain . . .

Like many people, in this war and its predecessors, who were overseas a long time, I made my secret bargains with myself, my secret promises to myself that, if and when I were home again, I would make this or that pilgrimage. I made my Oxford pilgrimage. I made it on a cold, grey, rain-spattered April afternoon. I went to my own College; I walked around a silent,

deserted quadrangle; and I populated it—as all ageing folk and returning exiles have to do—with the phantoms of my own youth. I said 'How d'you do' to the head porter, and of course he remembered my name and the year I went down and the name of my best friend. I walked up the Broad, past those stone emperors who, without moving from their pedestals, yet exerted so strange an influence on the fate of the noble, the hapless Duke of Dorset. I walked on up Long Wall Street, down Bath Place, past the cottage in which I had lodgings in my last year, and so to New College Lane, and into New College itself. I walked through to the garden, to that strange, most beautiful and most secret core of Oxford. The turf was soft and wet and green. A very old gardener shovelled rubbish on to a smouldering disconsolate bonfire at a path's end. Two little boys played a shrill, giggling chase-and-capture game round the trees. The daffodils fluttered and danced in the cold wind. There was a scutter of April rain. It passed, and there was a flicker of sun. The children tired of their game and went away. The green heart of the garden was still and quiet. The old gardener shuffled past with another barrow load for his bonfire.

Was the romantic, the Matthew Arnold view of Oxford so ridiculous after all? 'Beautiful city! So venerable, so lovely, so serene! There are our young barbarians all at play!' And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side? Thus, in the end, without equivocation, without apology, without mockery, except in love, and without irony, except in deeper love, with pride and with gratitude, I like to think about Oxford.—*Home Service*

In *War and Civilisation*, Mr. A. V. Fowler has selected from Arnold Toynbee's *A Study of History*, in consultation with the author, a number of passages bearing on the problem of war. They are said to show Mr. Toynbee standing forth in the full power and eloquence of his prophetic role. Most of the passages do not appear in Mr. D. C. Somervell's abridgement. The book is published under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs by the Oxford University Press, price 10s. 6d.



The Hawksmoor Quad, All Souls College, with the Radcliffe Camera beyond

A. P. Kersting

religious fraternity in Oxford disowned him. He always had with him a familiar, either a dismal, spotty-faced boy or a depressed black mongrel with a ratlike tail and a furtive whimper; but he was never seen with the boy *and* the dog; and the most morbid conclusions were naturally drawn. There were exotics, too, amongst the undergraduates. I recall one young man who habitually wore a high-necked scarlet polo sweater and carried a swordstick with which, he was eager to explain, 'to defend what I whimsically call my honour'. I believe the survival and prosperity of industrial Oxford, of Morris-Oxford, to be of the utmost importance to the life of this country. But I believe too that the survival of oddities and fantastic follies such as I have recalled is of equal importance. And I believe that in some mysterious fashion they are knit one with the other.

For myself, as I look back across twenty years, as I contemplate the vision of the city which evoked the visions of my youth, I remember most fully and most plangently certain sheerly physical facets, of light and colour and atmosphere, and with them, interpenetrating, suffusing this physical setting, a mood, an outlook, a way of life. I was a raw stripling from Scotland; and to me, as to countless of my forebears, I suppose, the sensuous beauty of Oxford, especially in spring and summer, was overwhelming. But that beauty, in every memory of it which I possess and every time I go back to look at it, is indivisible from the life which has been lived, and is still being lived, in the midst of it. Peckwater—if I may offer an example or two—is not a silent, decorous museum piece, it is a quadrangle in which have lived, and I hope still live, a number of rowdy, exuberant young men who, when flushed with wine, are apt to bay for broken glass and the trousers of dim and unfashionable members of their college. My own college has few architectural merits; it has that extraordinary hazel hen; it used to have admirable iced coffee on summer afternoons; it has a tradition of producing eminent statesmen, archbishops and viceroys; and it has a song called 'Gordouli' which is sung over the wall, at or to the neighbouring College, Trinity, on occasions of domestic and national elation. And All Souls, the lovely, austere All Souls, the haunt and hive and home of the great, generation by generation, All Souls has its song too. J. G. Lockhart, in his life of Cosmo Lang, tells a delicious and affecting story of the aged Archbishop entertaining his successor, Dr. Fisher, as his guest at All Souls, and singing, as for so many years

American Redbrick

By ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN

ABOUT a year ago—a year-and-a-half ago, perhaps—I was visiting one of the old university towns of Holland. One evening, while window-shopping (I forget now in which town) I saw a familiar face. There staring at me from a magazine cover was Robert Maynard Hutchins, Chancellor of the University of Chicago—and underneath his picture a caption, taken from some comments by Mr. Hutchins about Chicago, 'not a very good university . . . simply the best there is'.

Ambitions of the Newer Universities

I have been, in the last three or four months, to most of the British universities—from Aberdeen in the north to Reading in the south: Aberdeen, Edinburgh; Bristol, Birmingham; Oxford, Cambridge; Manchester, Leeds. It is inconceivable, for me, to think of the Vice-Chancellor, say of Manchester or of Bristol, making such a statement. One just does not thus publicly question the supremacy of Oxford and Cambridge. And there, right off, we have a real difference between American and British education. There too, as you are probably saying to yourselves, is a difference between America and England. In America, the newer universities, the large state universities and institutions of the Chicago type, want their place in the sun—they want more prestige, and very shortly will have it. Here, in England, your methods of bringing up baby and adolescent universities are much different from ours. Your younger institutions are much more modest—needlessly so—in publicly stating their claims under the eyes of the parent bodies. And so, while Manchester University is the equal of Chicago—except in size, and in endowment and budget—its status is fixed more definitely in this country than it would be in America.

My hypothesis is that within ten years the big state universities (Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota) will have prestige equal to that presently enjoyed by Harvard and Yale. Perhaps I should also have included California in this list. Because of the tricks it is currently playing with academic freedom I am less certain of its future, though a recent court decision in that state gives us some reason to be more hopeful. . . . My facts are that students are equally capable, in all these institutions; that outstanding departments are to be found in all of them; that today many state universities have tremendous budgets, larger than those of Harvard or Yale; that in some cases these universities are able to draw big professors away from Harvard and Yale. But I must give a more orderly account.

My task is to give some personal impressions of the different types of American universities and colleges; I therefore call this talk 'American Redbrick', thinking of the two surveys of 'British Redbrick' by Bruce Truscott*. First, let me say that the use of red brick in buildings is not so classical a differentiating fact in America as in England. Whereas the old Oxford-Cambridge colleges are mostly made up of stone in contradistinction to the red brick of Birmingham or Liverpool, the oldest building at Harvard, America's oldest university, is just as red-bricked—neither more nor less—as the relatively new buildings of Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. Having thus disposed of an English classifying rod as being unfit for America, I proceed to my classification.

Respect as Warranted by Fact

First in seniority, though not necessarily in rank, as I have just implied, are Harvard and Yale. Age is honoured, in America as in England, and so we can respect the traditions which put Harvard, Yale, and Princeton into a class by themselves. Respect, yes, but immediately we admit respect we must show clearly that the respect is neither more nor less than that warranted by the facts. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton fall into a first group on the basis of age and traditional reputation, not necessarily because they differ significantly in other ways from Chicago or Columbia, also great private universities.

Second I shall put the giant state universities—large student bodies, large budgets. I taught for a year at the University of Illinois, 1946-47, and that year the university had in all its divisions 28,000 students. And

the budget for a two-year period was \$88,000,000 (£31,000,000). In this group of large state universities we put also the Universities of Minnesota (with its outstanding President Morrill, the equivalent of Illinois' outstanding Stoddard) the Universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, California, and Ohio State. I shall make a third arbitrary group to include the giants of the Columbia, Cornell, Chicago private-type, and the medium state universities. In 1949, Columbia had 21,000 students, Cornell 9,000, Chicago 11,000 and for the same period the average enrolment of some of the more important state universities was about 12,000 students.

In a fourth group I shall put the small state universities—such as those of New Hampshire, Vermont, Virginia, Maine. These often produce teachers and professors who are taken up by institutions higher in the present prestige level of American educational life. The former President of the University of New Hampshire, that exceptional person, Arthur S. Adams, has just taken office as President of the American Council on Education. I shall make a fifth hybrid group for the world famous Massachusetts and California Institutes of Technology, and several more of that type. And finally, in two last categories we have the smaller American colleges—the well-known institutions such as Oberlin and Swarthmore, Amherst and Williams, Antioch College. And similar, in size at least, the many, many small colleges whose names are known only to a few. These exist, most of them, without reputation, and play a humble (but a worth-while) part. So much for the stage. Now to consider this over-all design.

The 'High-School Product'

It is not easy, in a brief space, to give a picture of something as complicated as American education. Yet actually the main lines are simple to draw. There are the institutions, the teachers, and the students. I have tried roughly to classify the institutions. I think that, with like accuracy and like freedom, I can also describe the students. The average American college student is poorly prepared to face either the realities of life or the academic—and artificial—rigours of college education. In the majority of cases the 'high-school product' is poorly equipped by his school (secondary school). He has had bad teaching. And he enters college (or matriculates, as you would say) with, if anything, but vague notions of what he is looking for. Entrance to college is at the average age of seventeen—and so, as you see, he is younger (and for that reason alone less academically advanced) than a student who starts at Oxford or Bristol. I think that there is no question that academically, in book learning, the American student in the late teens is a year or more behind his English age-equivalent, though he may have greater flexibility socially.

I pay my respects to the American high school. It has served a function, but that it has succeeded in bringing real education, few, even in the United States, would claim. The high school is an outfit of mass production, and the product is often criticised by college presidents as of excellent quality but 'coming apart at the seams'. Hutchins spoke recently on education for democracy. 'The foundation of democracy is universal suffrage', he said. 'Universal suffrage makes every man a ruler; every man needs the education that rulers ought to have'. But, he added, in America in the last 150 years, 'the idea of an education appropriate to rulers has got lost somewhere'. We accept the premise that 'everybody has the right to education' yet we believe that 'only a few are qualified for a good education'. Therefore, says Hutchins, it appears 'that those who are not qualified for a good education must be given a bad education, because everybody has the right to education'. Hutchins is often only fifty per cent. sense and the other fifty per cent. spice. But he is right about the state of our educational health. Teaching is pretty poor in the American school and we have a cycle—poor teachers, poor students, poor teachers (especially with the low prestige accorded school teaching), poor students, and so on. The educationist has this cycle just as definitely as the botanist has his carbon cycle, and the astronomer his cycles.

What happens, then, when this high school student gets handed his

* *Red Brick University* (Pelican, 2s. 6d.) contains the whole of Mr. Bruce Truscott's book of this name, and the major part of its sequel, *These Vital Days*

diploma—many of them do not reach even that stage, having left school out of sheer boredom—and takes himself off to college? He knocks at the door of Harvard, and if Harvard does not take him Columbia may, and if not Columbia the University of Vermont. To complicate the possibilities further, he may even go to one of many 'junior colleges' for two years of college studying. Let us accept him at Vermont, or Columbia. The college (I use the term to include universities here) is also an outfit of mass production. There were about 2,000,000 students in American colleges and universities a year or two ago, not counting an additional 600,000 working for advanced degrees. It takes no great powers of prophecy to say that the average American student will read for a B.A. or B.Sc., the American degree which is a year or two—more in extreme cases—behind your English B.A. In other words the student is immediately put into the mould and if nothing untoward happens and he does the minimum amount of work required—the proper number of 'units' or courses—he will at the end of four years be given his degree, and in many cases with much deserved honours.

Good Specialist Education

But the average student, being average, does not work for or receive honours. What does he get from his college education? In most cases, a good specialist education—not more. He has been lectured at for four years (and with 2,000,000 college students in the country we are told that the lecture system has to stay), he has been treated often as an inanimate 'thing' rather than as a personality. But his B.A. is the key to so many jobs, and he has that key. By the time he gets his diploma in his hand he identifies B.A. with education, is convinced that because he is a specialist in one field—statistics, or Spanish, or agriculture—he is now qualified to make pronouncements on—oh, so many things. He can now differentiate without emotion between Roosevelt and Willkie, between Truman and MacArthur, or that is what he feels. Some of the world's problems are due to the production—in all countries—of too many specialists who think that because they have degrees they are therefore educated and should be listened to.

It is an unfortunate thing. One might say that in America we have devalued the 'college (or university) degree. But people still go for devalued currency. Not only is a university education in great demand but there is such an emphasis on degrees that those who do not have them—and there are still many—feel 'inferior', uneducated, handicapped, and so on. And we have the interesting, and sad, phenomenon of many people who have an education that only life itself and experience can give, feeling sorry for themselves because they never had an opportunity to get a degree; at the opposite extreme college-trained men and women, excellent folk many of them, bolstered by the possession of these diplomas, degrees, prestige symbols, feeling sure of themselves because they have had the essential college education or degree. I need not even point out the obvious—that an uneducated college man, in the wrong place, can do a great deal of harm.

All of this refers to the 'average student'. Our finest products are equal to any in the world. But if our average is low, what is the reason? My own answer is that we must look to the teaching staff. To be sure, the college president claims that most of the fault is in the curriculum, and that we need only give students more 'general education'. General education bids fair to become the fetish of the 'fifties, and America must get both credit for starting the movement and blame for keeping it too much on paper. One does not have general education simply by changing the number of a course and transferring it to the jurisdiction of a committee on general education. I have myself taught as a junior instructor in just such a number-changed course, and so I know. Too often do we in America make glorious curricular changes—and keep the same teachers to administer them. It doesn't make sense. But what are our teachers like? I am speaking now of university teachers. They are well equipped professionally in their own fields. In many cases they are the world experts in their particular subjects. But more often than not they are specialists and not 'generally educated'. . . . I shall make another division here. There is a difference between college teachers and university teachers. In the American university there is usually more emphasis on research, and promotions are given for research accomplishment and not usually merely for good teaching. Research (or shall we say 'production of papers'?) is what seems to matter, and teaching is all too often ignored. The younger staff members of a university

have first to finish their degrees, and then their lives are ruled by the necessity to produce a certain number of papers each year.

Smaller institutions—colleges of the Swarthmore or Amherst type—have developed their reputations more because of their standards of teaching and the atmosphere is far, far healthier. To be sure, even these small residential colleges have an air of artificiality about them, but there is much less separation here between 'education' and 'life'. And, whereas in the Harvard, Columbia type of institution most of the actual teaching of undergraduates is done by younger men, men pressed by their own degree requirements, here at the small colleges teaching can more often be done by those who like it for its own sake. The record is pretty clear on this point. Good average small colleges make a significant contribution out of all proportion to their size. And the larger and 'greater' universities do not contribute so much in undergraduate teaching as might have been imagined. My own belief is that the larger the university the greater the malady of psychological isolation; and curricular changes alone cannot remedy the dangers of the situation, cannot give students a 'feeling of belongingness' to an institution which because of size itself has come to be impersonal.

When it comes right down to it, there is no such thing as a 'best university' in America or anywhere else. Students can still 'belong' to places the size of Antioch—of Aberdeen, of Reading—or of Reed College. But in a university which runs up in size much above two or three thousand students, the 'loyalty' of individuals seems to be directed more to departments—and to teachers—than to the rather inanimate university body. The true university is a collection of men and women who work together with a common purpose and a common goal. Because it is so seldom that students are given the right to help determine this common purpose and goal, we have outstanding departments more often than great universities. I could name the Astronomy Department at Harvard, Physics at Bristol, Education at Utrecht, Philosophy at Edinburgh, Physiology at Cambridge—or Lund. I could name, too, departments, in all subjects, which do so outstanding a job in post-graduate training in many American institutions. These are the groups which develop group spirit, to such a high degree.

There are, then, great differences between the English and the American educational scenes. If you are shocked by my picture of the average American student, remember please that our average is bound to be lower than yours, in academic attainments and in educational achievements, because we give a college education to so many more people. Remember, too, that you are having the same problem of over-large size and consequent impersonality in universities like Liverpool or Leeds or Glasgow.

But there is no such thing as a best university. There are many which, as Hutchins says, are 'not very good'—but which have outstanding and dedicated men. If only we could learn to make the 'feeling of belongingness' which we see in some departments include ever more students and teachers, in ever more universities. If we could do this then what would be taking place in Redbricks, American and European, would truly be significant in the world today.

—Third Programme

Sonnet

He never guessed how much his roots could mean;
A people rich in beauty and in bluster
But swamped with flesh and dreamt into disaster
Through deadly fear of angel and machine.

All the long sweat of intellect and love
Amassed a safety where he could forget
That in him too the trap was always set,
The scimitar hung bloodily above.

How could they, stumbling past pits of fate,
At cold litanies of temptation hewing,
Break from their future's flowering of wrong?

Or he expect, already far too late,
To keep the will uncrushed beneath the ruin
By taking the whole tears' weight upon the song?

ROBERT CONQUEST

Art

Eton Leaving Portraits

JULIAN HALL on the exhibition at the Tate Gallery

AN Eton Leaving Portrait may be described as an Eton Leaving Book in reverse. A Leaving Book is something that the Headmaster gives to a boy who is leaving the school. A Leaving Portrait, on the other hand, is something that a boy gave on that occasion—but gives no longer—to the Headmaster: it was a portrait of himself. The boy's gifts had not always taken that form. In the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries they were made in hard cash—£10 or £15 from a commoner, £20 or £30 from a nobleman. It was Dr. Edward Barnard, Headmaster from 1754 to 1765, who first asked for a picture in lieu of a fee. His own portrait by an unknown hand is in the present exhibition at the Tate; but there is nothing in his likeness to suggest the author of so civilised a custom or to give point to Horace Walpole's description of him as the 'Pitt of Masters', unless it be a theatrical flourish reminiscent of the Great Commoner. Barnard's successors continued the practice during the next hundred years, and it did not cease until 1868, when leaving money was abolished and its more gracious substitute could no longer enjoy official sanction.

The exhibition at the Tate, which will remain open till May 31, consists of fifty-two portraits lent by the Provost and Fellows of Eton. They occupy one gallery, and they span the hundred years beginning with the Seven Years War and ending with the Crimea. They do not proclaim their common Etonian identity at first sight, since most boys are dressed in accordance with their own tastes—in those days a prescribed dress was worn only by members of the Lower School. They are also not alike in the age at which the boys sat for their portraits. The air of kinship pervading the collection lies rather in the tradition of contemporary English painting, and the impression of a common approach to portrait-painting is stronger than that of individuality in the sitters or even, with a few exceptions, in the painters. The pictures have such a strong family likeness of execution that the effort of separating one boy from his fellows is like that of mastering the relationships in a genealogical tree.

None the less, the sitters fall into categories. First there is a group of recognisable schoolboys. William Young, by Benjamin West, has the face of a Lower Boy, almost of a 'scug', though the word with its Neapolitan street-arab connotation may not have been used in his day. It is a crafty, glowering young face: even the Napoleonic tuck-in of the hand does not suggest that the grown-up Young would be Lieutenant-Governor of two Colonies. Hardly less of a Lower Boy is Val Jones by Hoppner (Hoppner himself had two sons in the school). Jones, one learns, was to change his name to Graeme and to command a cavalry regiment later in life. Then there is Viscount Milton by Thomas Phillips, red-haired and solemn, a young rider to hounds; and, in sophisticated contrast to him, Charles Grey of the Reform

Bill by Romney—an idealised portrait of pensive and elegant boyhood.

There is also a group of young Men of the World, including two Romneys that are less ethereal than the portrait of Charles Grey. They depict two of Grey's fellow members of the Society of Friends of the People, William Henry Lambton and Samuel Whitbread. These gracious and perfectly balanced works are polished to a point at which

good manners become hypocrisy and distinction is in danger of hardening into aloofness. Phillips' much less accomplished portrait of Hugh Earl Percy, afterwards third Duke of Northumberland, is a more interesting work from the biographer's point of view or, for that matter, from the actor's. Phillips' Percy has a face and an air that an intending Horspur would do well to study: but the long, tapering head, the keen eyes, and the long receding chin suggest a later stage of the same life-story which the painter tells in his portrait of Lord Milton, now hanging on the opposite wall of the room.

There are portraits, too, with a more obviously romantic inspiration than Phillips'. Henry George Herbert and William Herbert, sons of the first Earl of Carnarvon, were both painted by Beechey; and William's face, with its veiled challenge, is perhaps the most typically adolescent in the collection, certainly more typical than the Shelleyan brightness of his elder brother Henry's or the childish grace of the young Earl of Dalkeith's, who sat to the same painter in the dress of a Cavalier. (It is interesting to learn from a note in the catalogue that William Herbert was ordained at the age of thirty-six and became Dean of Manchester twenty-six years later.) A more flamboyant romantic is Henry Richard Fox, third Lord Holland, as François Fabre painted him at Florence. He, like



'Charles Grey', by George Romney, at the Tate Gallery

William Young, uses the Napoleonic gesture of the tucked-in hand, but Holland is obviously no Lower Boy: he bears himself like an English Werther or a spiritual cousin of Pushkin's Hermann in 'The Queen of Spades'—one recognises the gambler in spirit, if not in act.

A few boys stand out in isolation. There is William Charles Cotton, by Margaret Carpenter—he was Newcastle Scholar in 1832. Cotton is the one unmistakable student in the gallery. History relates that he became vicar of Frodsham in Cheshire and died at the age of twenty-six. Henry Hallam the historian (another Beechey) is a scholar of a different type from Cotton. His quizzical expression seems proper to a teacher rather than a student—to a man who will impose his personal stamp on the material of his researches. Most individual of all is Charles James Fox, painted, in dark red coat and waistcoat, by Reynolds. The fleshy cheeks, the long nose and the long dark eyebrows suggest a spirit that had more in common with Oscar Wilde than with any of his own contemporaries at Eton. From the importance of being Charles James to the importance of being Earnest was a step that took less than a century to accomplish.

Mind and Matter—II. The Two 'Worlds'

By W. RUSSELL BRAIN

WE left the observer last week making the discovery that he has to deal with two 'worlds'—as we may call them for the moment. There is the 'world' of his perceptions and another 'world' which differs from the 'world' he perceives in various respects, one of the most important of which is that events in this other 'world' occur at different times from those at which the observer perceives them. There is one exception to this—his brain. But here we are dealing with a correlation of a different order, for though it is probably true to say that when an event in the observer's brain causes him to experience something, the two occurrences—the brain event and his experience—are simultaneous, yet in such circumstances the observer is never aware of an event in his brain but of an event somewhere else. I propose for the moment to distinguish these two 'worlds' which exist in relation to the observer by calling them the perceptual 'world' and the physical 'world'.

Perception and Inference

But, you will say, if the observer's knowledge of any 'world' is limited to his perceptions, how does he ever discover that there is any other 'world'? He does so by a process of inference operating in two ways. First, he accepts the observations of other people. Almost the whole of our knowledge of the correlation between sensation and brain function comes to us in this way. We stimulate the brain and ask the patient for his sensations or we ask about sensations and the effects produced upon them by disease and then study the brain after death. But we can use the sensations of other people in another way, for example, by using another person as an observer of an event and comparing his observations with our own. Secondly, the observer can himself carry out experimental observations. In practice he profits by the observations of scientists, but they are of a kind which given the requisite apparatus and skill he could carry out for himself: for example, he sees a man hitting something with a hammer; he walks away and notices that he hears each blow at an increasing interval after he sees it occur. From this he infers the speed of sound. Complex physical apparatus enables physicists to infer the speed of light. It follows that from the 'world' we perceive we are able to infer a 'world' of events of which we are not able to have any more direct knowledge.

Each of us has his own perceptual 'world'. Your 'world' and mine are different both in time and in content. If you stand half way between me and a source of sound you hear the sound at a different time from me; hence your perceptual 'world' contains a sound when mine does not, and *vice versa*. Similarly another person's perceptual 'world' may contain a phantom limb or a toothache, which I cannot perceive. But if our inferences are made according to the appropriate rules we shall all agree about the physical 'world'.

At this point let us pause to see how philosophical problems may arise out of verbal confusions in describing the facts of which I have just given an account. One source of confusion is due to the fact that we do not in everyday life need to discriminate between our own perceptual 'worlds' and the physical 'worlds'. When I see a table, I do not distinguish a perceptual table from a physical table, nor when I speak of a table do I need to specify whether I am referring to one or the other or both. In fact I pass from one to the other and use the same term for both indifferently.

We have seen that your perceptual 'world' and my perceptual 'world' are entirely distinct but that we share the same physical 'world', so when you and I talk about a table, all goes well as long as it is not necessary to distinguish between them. But suppose that an observer suffers from hallucinations and declares that he sees a table when neither I nor anyone else can see one. It is useless to try to persuade him that he is not seeing a table because his experience is the same as when he has seen a table in the past. In other words there exists a table in his perceptual 'world', but there is no table in the physical 'world' in the appropriate situation and therefore there is no table corresponding to the table in his perceptual 'world' in the perceptual 'world' of any normal person. In other words, the table in his

perceptual 'world' is not caused by a physical table but by something else, and normally a table in the perceptual 'world' is caused by a physical table.

The great neurologist Hughlings Jackson made this point very clearly when he described a patient who was a cabman and who thought that his bed was a cab. Hughlings Jackson said: 'This patient saw a cab, had that image strongly "projected", his objective state, at a time when I saw a bed, when I had that image strongly "projected", my objective state. It is of no avail for trustworthy witnesses to assert that the patient "could not have seen" a cab, because there is no cab present, and therefore, that the patient "only fancied", etc. that he saw one. Something, not himself, "got out of" himself the image cab, "out of" the bystander the image bed. It might be said that this doctrine confuses reality and unreality. But what reality and whose reality? The image cab was the patient's reality; the image bed was the healthy bystander's reality'.

The age-long controversy between the realist and the idealist in the sphere of perception is greatly simplified if we realise the part which words play in it. If we ask whether the colour of a table is part of the table the answer is 'Yes', if by table we mean the table in the perceptual 'world' which belongs to each of us, but it is 'No' if we mean the table in the physical 'world' which is common to all of us. Let us suppose that I see a table, decide that it is in the wrong place, and proceed to move it. It is true to say that in this process I am aware of what are sometimes called sense-data, that is to say colours, touches, pressures, and so on. It is also true to say that I perceive a physical table. We should normally prefer to say that I moved the table rather than that I moved my sense-data, but that is a matter of usage. We have, in fact, two different ways of describing the same events. No difficulty will arise so long as we remember this, but there will be much confusion if we use the two methods indiscriminately.

What, then, is the relationship between them? What is the connection between what I have called a table in my perceptual 'world' and a table in the physical 'world'? The answer I think is, as I have suggested in more detail elsewhere, that 'if at least what the philosophers call secondary qualities, such as smells, sounds, colours, and so on are quite unlike the physical stimuli which give rise to them, then we must regard them as symbols of physical reality and say that the receptive function of the brain is to provide us with a symbolical representation of the physical world outside it, not only distinguishing objects by their qualities, but also conveying to us the spatial relationships which exist between them, and at the same time giving us similar symbolical information about our own bodies and their relation to the external world'.

Symbolical Representation

Let us apply these ideas to the simple experience of seeing a red light. Making use of conceptual symbols, I say that waves of a certain wavelength and frequency start at a certain spot and pass through space to the retinae of my eyes, there initiating a series of impulses of quite different frequency which pass along the visual pathways of my nervous system and set up a disturbance in the parts of my brain concerned with vision. I then see the red light. The red light in my perceptual 'world' is a symbolical representation of the events in the physical 'world' of which a certain wavelength and frequency are the conceptual symbols, but the events in my brain which cause me to see the red light are quite different from red light as the physicist knows it. My perceptual 'world' therefore is a kind of map. It is not identical with the physical 'world' any more than a map is identical with the country which it represents, but it is able to symbolise it because events in my perceptual 'world' stand for events in the physical 'world'.

To some people this idea is difficult because our representation of the physical 'world' is a three-dimensional one, and they find it hard to understand how each of us can have his own three-dimensional perceptual 'world' which is yet different from the three-dimensional physical 'world'. It may make this idea easier to grasp if we go back to our

analogy of the map. It is true that an ordinary map represents in two dimensions something which exists in three. Nevertheless, a map is really a structure in three dimensions since it must have some degree of thickness, and you can easily have a map in which a third dimension is represented arbitrarily but conventionally by lines or colours which stand for the contour. But let us extend the analogy. Suppose that instead of a map we have a globe. Here is a symbolical representation of the whole world in three dimensions with a diameter of a few inches or one or two feet. There can be hundreds or thousands of such globes, each of them representing the earth, and there will be plenty of room for them all within the real earth.

Now, each of the our individual perceptual 'worlds' possesses a physical basis in the physical 'world', namely, the brain. The perceptual 'world' depends upon complicated events occurring in the brain and caused by other events in the physical 'world'. The physical events in each physical brain, therefore, underlie for each of us our three-dimensional map of the physical 'world'. There is plenty of room, in the physical 'world', for any number of brains, each of which acts as a basis of one of its representations, just as there is plenty of room in the physical earth for any number of globes, each of which acts as one of its models. And there is plenty of room for the perceptual 'worlds' since, though each of these represents the physical 'world' in its entirety, it takes up no more room in it than is occupied by its physical basis in the brain.

We are now in a position to see how the idea of the 'projection' of colours, sounds and touches on to the external world arises and how it can be explained. We know from the study of physiology and psychology and of the effects of disease of the brain that the simplest brain-event concerned with sensation never occurs in isolation. The nervous system is in constant activity and nerve-impulses are continuously streaming into it from all parts of the body, conveying to it 'information' about the position of the body in space and of the various parts of the body in relation to one another. Some of these impulses reach consciousness in the form of direct awareness—'items of information' as it were: others never reach consciousness individually but contribute to the meaning of other items of consciousness. Hence normally a touch on the hand or the sight of a colour does not excite merely the appropriate area of brain concerned with its own form of sensation: it fits into an elaborate pattern of electrical impulses in many parts of the brain. In terms of consciousness when we say 'I feel a touch' or 'I see a light' we are isolating, for descriptive purposes, what is in the focus of consciousness, and neglecting not only the background of experience against which we perceive it but necessarily also the unconscious contributions which the nervous system makes to its meaning. What we perceive is thus always perceived in relation to the rest of

the body and this in turn in relation to other objects in space. One of the relationships of which we are thus aware is the relationship of externality. The electrical patterns of the nervous system convey to us the information that my hand and my foot are in different positions, *i.e.* as parts of my body they are external to one another, and similarly that the table which I see is in a different position to my body, *i.e.* external to it.

The confusion about 'projection', the mysterious displacement of sensations from my brain to the external world, arises from the fact that there are two meanings of the word 'external' just as there are two meanings of the word 'table', and they refer to the two 'worlds' we have already distinguished. Let me try to make this clear by returning to the analogy of the map. Suppose I am sitting in London and have a map of England before me. On the map I see both London and Oxford and I note that Oxford is external to London on the map just as it is in the physical world. But because the map which contains Oxford is itself in London am I right in saying that Oxford is in London and is somehow 'projected' outside it? Confusion does not arise in this instance because we have been brought up to recognise the symbolical nature of a map, and we know that we are using the words Oxford and London differently in the two cases—in the one instance to refer directly to places in the physical world, in the other instance to refer indirectly to marks on a map which themselves refer to places in the physical world and the relationship between them. Just so, when I say I see a table external to my body I am talking of perceptual symbols representing objects in the physical world and their mutual relationship. The physical basis of these symbols exists in my physical brain, but if I say that my sensations are projected outside my body I am confusing externality in the perceptual world with externality in the physical world.

Let me try to clarify the conclusions we have reached so far. I have spoken of two 'worlds', but of course there is only one world which from one point of view consists of physical events including the events in our brains. The combination of our sense-organs and the nervous system when stimulated by the impact of physical impulses coming from outside has the peculiar property of creating in various ways symbolical representations of the rest of the world. Each of these symbolical representations is in its totality private to the observer whose consciousness is related to each particular nervous system. For the sake of convenience we often speak of this perceptual representation also as 'the world'. This is as valid as it is to speak of John's photograph as John, but many philosophical confusions have arisen as a result of a failure to distinguish between the world and its representation, because so often it seems natural to use the same term for both.

—Third Programme

With the Egyptian Fellahin

By RICHARD WILLIAMS, B.B.C. Middle East correspondent

SINDBIS is a typical Egyptian village, indistinguishable from its many neighbours, buried deep in the heart of the Nile delta. I doubt if one in 100,000 visitors to Egypt has seen it. No one ever goes there who has not some business to do. I chose it because it was representative of so many others, and because it is the testing ground for an important medical experiment—an attempt conducted jointly by the Rockefeller Foundation and the Egyptian Government to improve the health of the peasants, the *fellahin* of the valley.

My guide, an Egyptian doctor, and I were in the main street before I had realised it, a narrow alley unpaved and unswept, with closely packed houses pressing in on all sides. We had slipped back several centuries. The complex life of modern Cairo, less than an hour's drive away, was as remote as London. A complaining camel gave us a baneful glare as he swayed past us. Women in black robes shyly drew a veil across their faces and disappeared into dark doorways. Small children gave up playing in order to stare. We quite obviously did not belong. But this was only a surface impression, and I wanted to know what went on behind those mud walls—how, in fact, the people lived. By myself I should not have got very far. The peasants are reticent with strangers, and rather dislike being questioned; not very satisfactory material, I should say, for a Gallup Poll. But my doctor friend had worked among them for three years, and had won their confidence. So we entered one

of the dark doorways, chosen because Abu Zeyd, a typical *fellah*, lived there with his family of eight.

He was at home that morning: his wife was ill and his place in the field had been taken by one of his brothers. He came to the door, barefooted and dressed in his mud-stained *galabiyeh*. He gave us a gentle smile and asked us in. We groped our way in the half dark after him. A narrow beam of sunshine slanted through a small hole which served as a window near the roof. This was the main room of the house, smallish, entirely empty of furniture, with half-a-dozen cooking vessels scattered on the earthen floor. These were the customary wedding gifts from ten years ago. That was all.

While we stood there with his small children, emboldened by now to peer in at the door, Abu Zeyd sketched his life history, explaining quite simply in the limited vocabulary which the peasants command. He was thirty, he said, though his lined, cadaverous face and his slight stoop made him look older. His father had lived in the same house and his grandfather before him. From them he had inherited the home and the indispensable water buffalo which, with a donkey he had bought last year, represented all his capital: A buffalo costs seventy or eighty pounds on the market today, and its death is the most grievous material loss that a peasant household can suffer. He had been married ten years and had seven children, three of whom had died before they were a year

old. That was a pretty good average. The infant mortality rate is the highest in the world. Also living with him were his wife, a younger brother and his widowed mother—in many ways the most important person in the home. That was the family: eight people, and Abu Zeyd supported them all by renting and farming an acre of land near the village. Today, cotton is booming and rents are correspondingly high. He pays £35 a year for that single acre, which leaves him with an annual profit of about £15, supplemented by the sale of a little buffalo's milk, when there is any left over. And, with minor adjustments—because some are a little better off, some worse—that gives a rough economic picture of the thousands or so families in Sindbis.

Then we moved to the next room, about the same size—entirely bare with a heap of manure in the corner. This was the stable for the water buffalo and the donkey. Both animals were out in the field. Half-a-dozen chickens were scavenging on the floor and two pigeons were fluttering around overhead. Every morning the manure in the stable is mixed with dust, loaded into a basket and then carried out by the donkey to fertilise the field. We came to the third and last room. Half of it, up to a height of four feet, was taken up by a large mud oven, the flat top covered with a straw mat. This served also as the family bed, where Abu Zeyd and his wife slept with their children. The peasants dislike bedclothes, they prefer the warmth of the oven beneath them. We stayed there half the morning. The doctor attended the sick wife; we drank the strong sweet tea which Abu Zeyd insisted on giving us, and we listened to him talk about his little farm. I think we touched on everything except the weather. Unlike a farmer in Europe Abu Zeyd has no need to bother about the weather. He takes it for granted.

I asked him how he and the other 5,000 people who live in Sindbis spent their spare time. The question may have struck him as odd because he took some time to answer. Finally he said: 'Oh, we visit each other', and that was it. There are no cafes or restaurants or cinemas or even a public hall in Sindbis. Visiting friends in the evening and talking over a glass of tea in the dim light of a small oil lamp is the only form of entertainment. 'We start work early', he said, 'and we finish late. And we go to bed very tired as a rule'. That was the life for seven days a week, with a short break on Friday, the Moslem Sunday, when the villagers, a devout people, go to the Mosque, perform their ablutions in the courtyard first, and then enter to pray.

In the field down the lane Ibrahim, the younger brother, had been working since dawn. The land itself was cut and cut again into a fine mesh of irrigation canals and drains, and every inch of soil was cultivated. Hundreds of little white figures dotted the plain. They were peasants working silently with bent backs, and the *galabiyeh*, the long cloak they wear, tucked round their middles. Ibrahim had brought the animals with him; the all-purpose donkey and the faithful, lumbering gamoose, the water buffalo which is the peasant's most precious possession. More precious, Abu Zeyd told us gravely, than his wife. It was cotton planting time, and everywhere the ground was being prepared laboriously by hand with a primitive hoe, an implement which Ibrahim wielded with great skill. There was a marked absence of modern farming equipment. I never once heard the sound of a tractor. This was the immensely old unchanging landscape of the Nile Valley.

When we moved away the Egyptian doctor told me that Ibrahim is a typical sufferer from bilharzia, a debilitating disease which afflicts two out of every three *fellahin*. It is not often fatal, but it saps the strength, and is directly caused by wading in the water of the Nile. 'You can call it', the doctor said, 'an industrial disease'. But there are others too: malnutrition, with its attendant disease, pellagra and anaemia. Overcrowding causes a high incidence of tuberculosis. Typhoid and dysentery are endemic, trachoma is widespread, and occasionally the doctor illustrated his remark by pointing to a peasant or a small child nearby who was suffering from one or more of the ailments.

Sindbis is one of the five villages which the Rockefeller Foundation and the Egyptian Government, working together, have chosen for their health experiment. There are remedies for all the diseases—part social, part medical, and in these five villages they have been applied with startling success. Constant spraying with insecticide has almost eliminated the mosquito and the germ-carrying fly. At one stage we watched the villagers draw water from the newly installed pump which supplies them with uncontaminated drinking water where before their only source was the muddy water from the canals. Self maintained latrines in every home have improved the standard of hygiene out of all recognition, and the mortality rate has dropped like a stone. Parallel with this, another scheme has just started—a pilot project in fundamental education. A team from Unesco is working with the Ministries of Education

and Social Affairs on a campaign to fight illiteracy among the peasants, four-fifths of whom can neither read nor write. The problem is a very serious one, and this is only an experiment to see how it can best be solved by the simplest and quickest methods. The ground is now being surveyed. Visual aids by means of posters and film strips have been developed and possible mass education by radio is being examined.

But behind these schemes for social reform and improved health services lies a bigger problem and a darker shadow. The population of Egypt is growing at an alarming rate, while the land on which they live is circumscribed by sand and sea. The scope for extension by reclaiming salt marshes in the delta and further irrigation is very small. Egypt already imports a large proportion of her food. If the measures which have been so successful in Sindbis were applied throughout the country the growth of the population would be doubled, but there would be no extra food, and for that fundamental problem there is, as yet, no solution in sight.—*From a talk in the General Overseas Service*

Public Opinion in the U.S.S.R.

(continued from page 647)

local press—is used to launch a preliminary attack upon an incompetent official. For this purpose there are far fewer restrictions upon the freedom of expression than there are in the United Kingdom—I am thinking here, of course, of the law of libel. The point to remember is that if an abusive article does appear, either in the form of an editorial or of a letter to the editor, it is the result of official action at the appropriate level in the party hierarchy. The number of newspaper attacks upon officials always increases when the Government is imposing some new and unpopular policy upon the country.

The party agitator, in short, is one of the most important functionaries in the machinery of Soviet Government. He has to explain—and if necessary to defend—every aspect of government and party policy. And with an omnipotent state it means that he has to make suitable remarks about practically everything that happens or fails to happen in the Soviet Union—all the way from a shortage of sewing machines in Uzbekistan to Mr. Stalin's latest onslaught upon Mr. Attlee. The party agitator has also to warn the authorities of possible sources of trouble, and to check the work of minor officials for signs of incompetence and corruption. In this particular respect his duties approximate closely to those of the secret police. But since he is himself a member of the group among which he does his agitation, his sources of information—at least about the state of public morale—are probably far more reliable.

As a result of this elaborate organisation, the party authorities at the centre are always in the closest touch with the fluctuations of public opinion, especially in the main industrial areas, where the number of agitators is largest. I am not suggesting that public opinion is taken into account in framing policy, although this may well be so; but I do suggest that the manner in which policy is presented to the people varies in accordance with public feeling at any given moment.

I said at the outset that the main task of the Soviet propaganda machine was to strengthen the control of the party leaders over the thoughts, the actions, and the daily lives of all people of the Union. I added that I was not sure that we were entitled to say that that was its only task. The point is that throughout history—and especially since the time of Peter the Great—Russian Governments and the Russian people have, so to speak, existed in completely different and unrelated worlds. To the ordinary man or woman the Government was an alien and imponderable power whose actions were incalculable and incomprehensible and usually had evil, or at best unfortunate, consequences. The Department of Agitation and Propaganda is at last seeking to overcome the gap between 'us'—the governed—and 'them'—the Government. Every aspect of government policy is carefully explained to the people, as we have seen. I am not here concerned with the fact that these explanations may sound absurd to us, or that the policies themselves may be iniquitous. That is another question altogether. What we must realise is that the Russian Government, for the first time in history, is trying to carry the people with it in all that it does or seeks to do. We do not know if these efforts are succeeding. The fact that propaganda and agitation are becoming shriller and louder suggests that ordinary Russian men and women may be developing a sort of protective resistance against centralised indoctrination.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Can India's Millions be Fed?

Sir,—The official estimate of the Indian population is nearly 362,000,000 (with a significant excess of 10,000,000 males over females), this being an increase of 42,000,000 or 13.4 per cent. since 1941. No wonder that Nehru is reported as having urged a wider appreciation of birth control, in contrast to Gandhi's condemnation.

Despite existing plans and earnest state encouragement of expanded food production these remain incommensurate with human fertility and the basic needs of undernourished India. Surely it is now clear that whatever may have been the shortcomings of British imperial rule in respect of this vital, elemental problem, beneath the alleged neglect or even aggravation there has existed an intrinsic dilemma for which Britain cannot be blamed. The justifiable achievement of India's political independence has served to expose a stark fact previously largely obscured by the political struggle, and this will remain for many years to come, notwithstanding prospective economic expansion.

One can therefore appreciate the plea of Mr. J. H. Mercer, and many others, for birth control knowledge and facilities to ameliorate this Indian problem, and indeed in many other areas. But two serious psychological obstructions should be adequately recognised. First, there is the considerable resistance of custom, morality and religion in India; and, secondly, there is the virtual incapacity of simple, ignorant people to adopt the practical measures involved in volitional contraception. One can hardly imagine the average Indian peasant spending a precious rupee or taking the precautions required by such a practice. And even the provision of suitable clinics and the free issue of contraceptives by the Indian governments would demand heavy expenditure to cover even half of the hundreds of thousands of Indian villages.

This may lead one to a pessimistic conclusion, and perhaps the cynical contention that the ancient method of war, disease and 'acts of God' through flood, drought and other natural phenomena must still be accepted as a salutary check. Yet of course we must not accept this fatalism now that we are aware of the obligation, both personally and collectively, of intelligently directing human life instead of blindly reacting to instinct.

Hence, although it is true that birth control has met with vehement religious opposition in the past, and may still do so, it should be observed that this has been greatly modified so that Anglican bishops themselves have now given their cautious sanction to a practice their predecessors dismissed as reprehensible. One could gratefully state they have received finer spiritual illumination on this matter. Also, it is only fair to realise that the Roman Catholic does not necessarily condemn birth control, but only certain kinds of birth control of a chemical or mechanical nature. Even if there is objection to the usage of the term 'birth control' because of its associations, it would nevertheless be true to say that celibacy is, incidentally, one means of avoiding paternity or maternity. Apart from which Roman Catholics and some other Christians have always, rightly, extolled the possibility and virtue of restraint, however difficult or unattractive this may be to a Liverpool

docker or a Calcutta slum-dweller. But further, I believe it is correct that some Roman Catholic moralists and teachers in this intimate field of human behaviour have suggested there need be no mortal or venial sin in appropriate selection of a phase of feminine rhythm if not for birth control then at least for diminishing normal consequences. Perhaps, if I am wrong, I could have authoritative Roman Catholic correction on this point. If I am right, however, we can accept this concession as preferable to the incidence of war, disease, malnutrition, exposure or the natural events I have mentioned as a Malthusian counterbalance.

Indians must face the need of advancing several comprehensive means of meeting their complex problem. They need drastic economic expansion and reorganisation, in which no doubt Gandhian village industries play their part, to secure the resources upon which they depend for educational progress. This in turn will greatly help in the elevation of worthy values and in the equipment of those required in a better social economy. And again, as everywhere, this will be translated domestically both in prolonging the present expectancy of life at birth beyond the present twenty-seven years, in raising the female marriage age and in reducing the number of births. Certainly, in our own country it has been true that the largest families have been among the educationally and financially lowest privileged groups.

There is no one solution to the alleged problem of excessive population: there are several interdependent approaches. To this one must add the obvious necessity of implementing the fact that ethically, spiritually and economically we live today, as never before, in one interlocked world. 'We are members one of another' and the worthiness of the faith professed in the western world must be vindicated by the altruistic as well as prudent extension to India and the far east of medical, scientific and economic resources that are making available for us the higher standard of life than is immediately possible to our coloured brethren.

Yours, etc.,

House of Commons REGINALD SORESENSEN

Colonial University Colleges

Sir,—I fully agree with all that Mr. J. Dillon MacCarthy says in THE LISTENER of April 19 about Sir Gordon Guggisberg and the Rev. Alec Fraser (still going strong, although, as he says, his life has been despaired of in four continents). But their foundation is the great School at Achimota, the like of which does not exist, I think, in any other Colony.

When I visited the Gold Coast in January 1947 with a small delegation from the Inter-University Council for Higher Education in the Colonies, we were fortunate enough to borrow for the temporary home of the University College some of the many buildings on the vast campus of Achimota School. In the following year the University College came into being and is flourishing greatly under the Principalship of Dr. Balme, formerly Senior Tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge. The permanent buildings are rising a mile or two away.

The University College has for its closest neighbour on the campus the College for the

Training of Teachers which grew out of Achimota School, and it is largely due to the tact of its Principal, Lord Hemingford, that neighbourly friendship has prevailed from the start. When the University moves into its own buildings on Legon Hill, it will, I imagine, no longer be associated with the name of the village of Achimota.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.3 W. HAMILTON FYFE

Contemporary Scientific Mythology

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to a talk by Mr. Toulmin printed in THE LISTENER of March 22, in which he criticises some of my views on evolution.

There is really no point in my attempting to deal with his criticisms in detail, since he appears to start from a basic ignorance about the subject, in stating that 'zoologists do not study some one process called "evolution", [but] an unlimited number of different processes'.

Mr. Toulmin's job is to lecture on the philosophy of science at Oxford. If he had taken the trouble to consult some of his distinguished zoological colleagues in the University, such as Professor A. C. Hardy or Dr. E. B. Ford, he would have found that what the biologist is attempting, and must attempt, to study is precisely this 'one process called "evolution"'. This is the process of the transformation of living matter as a whole, which takes place in relation to the environment and its changes, and is solely or mainly the result of natural selection. The minor evolutionary process which Mr. Toulmin mentions, such as extinction, adaptive radiation specialisation, local adaptation, persistence of type, progress in general organisation, etc., can neither be adequately studied nor understood except in relation to the process as a whole. For instance the 'development of the lion from its fossil forbears', which he uses as an example, is comprehensible only when studied as part of the total evolutionary situation during part of the Cenozoic period—the adaptive radiation of the placental mammals, including the development of the lion's prey from their fossil forbears, the formation of savannahs and large grassy plains, the land connections between Africa and Eurasia, etc.

Further, it is only in relation to the process as a whole that we can evaluate the particular process of human evolution and see our own species, not in a 'preferential' position as Mr. Toulmin states, but in a unique one.

This extension of the interest of biologists to evolution as a single process, and to the succession of evolutionary situations as wholes, is paralleled by the realisation, first made by the botanists, that the study of a particular species of plant is inadequate: the study must be extended to the entire ecological community of which the species is a member—its organisation and the interrelations of its parts with each other and with the environment, the modes of its transformation and development. This is the basis of the science of ecology; and similarly the study of the interrelated transformations of organisms is the basis for the science of evolutionary biology. And, of course, the human individual is similarly incomprehensible and indeed meaningless if taken in isolation.

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NEWS DIARY

April 18-24

Wednesday, April 18

The prosecution abandons case against seven dockers at Old Bailey on ground that jury's findings are 'illogical' and they are discharged

Treaty on pooling of Western Europe's coal and steel signed in Paris

Thursday, April 19

General MacArthur addresses both Houses of Congress in Washington

Admiralty announces that there is 'no reasonable hope' of rescuing survivors from the *Affray*

Cambridge University wins the Patriots' Day Regatta at Cambridge, Massachusetts, beating Harvard by one-and-a-half lengths

Friday, April 20

Minister of Supply announces reductions of up to 50 per cent. in supplies of nickel for civil use

U.S. Chiefs of Staff publish statement about the dismissal of General MacArthur

Saturday, April 21

Foreign Ministers' Deputies complete seventh week of their conference in Paris. Mr Ernest Davies, British delegate, says conference has reached 'decisive stage'

International tariff conference at Torquay ends after seven months' negotiations

Submarines of same class as the *Affray* temporarily suspended from going to sea

Sunday, April 22

Mr. Shinwell, speaking in Durham, says that Russia has at least 200 divisions available and is producing aircraft 'at a terrific rate'

Mr. Siroky, Vice-Premier of Czechoslovakia, criticises Communist Party press for not performing 'its task of linking the Government and the Party with the people'

Monday, April 23

Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Labour, and Mr. Harold Wilson, President of the Board of Trade, resign office. Mr. Bevan makes personal statement in Commons

Anglo-Argentine trade agreement signed in Buenos Aires

Tuesday, April 24

Sir Hartley Shawcross appointed President of the Board of Trade and Mr. Alfred Robens, Minister of Labour

Mr. Wilson makes personal statement in Commons. Parliamentary Labour Party discusses resignations

National Health Bill reducing benefits receives second reading

U.N. forces in Korea withdraw before new Chinese offensive



Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Labour, and Mr. Harold Wilson, President of the Board of Trade, resigned from the Government on April 23 because of differences arising out of Mr. Gaitskell's Budget. Left to right: Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, a photo as he left the Treasury for the House of Commons on Budget Day (April 10); Mr. Harold Wilson leaving St. Mar. Mar. Paddington, after a visit to Mr. Attlee on April 23; and Mr. Aneurin Bevan photographed after announcing his resignation.



One of the seven dockers on trial at the Old Bailey in London last week being chaired by the crowd on April 17 after the jury had failed to agree on the first charge which accused the men of conspiring to incite workers to strike illegally (the jury found them guilty on the charge of conspiring to induce dock workers to absent themselves from work). In view of this disagreement the proceedings were discontinued and the men discharged



The Amateur Association Football Cup Final: 1950-51. Pegasus (goalkeeper) punches the ball clear during the match on Saturday. Pegasus—the combined Oxford and Cambridge Universities club side—won by 2 goals to 1.



Earlier this month a force of Royal Marine Commandos made a seven-hour raid on the north-east coast of Korea eight miles south of the port of Songjin. This photograph, which has just been released, was taken as the Commandos went ashore under cover of a United States air and naval bombardment. The force successfully blew up 100 yards of railway line used by the communists to transport supplies to the front, and withdrew without casualties.



Left: Marshal Carmona, President of Portugal, who died in Lisbon on April 18 at the age of 81. Marshal Carmona had been President of the Republic for nearly twenty-five years. After an army career he came to power with the military coup of 1926 and was Prime Minister for a time before becoming President. He was subsequently elected head of the State four times.



Aircraft and ships taking part in the unceasing but fruitless search that has been going on throughout the week for H.M. submarine 'Affray' which disappeared without trace on April 17 after submerging during an exercise between Portsmouth and Falmouth. Although efforts are being continued to locate the position of the submarine, there is now no hope of rescuing any of the seventy-five officers and men on board.



One of the magnolia trees in Kew Gardens which the recent sunshine has brought into full bloom.



The interior of the Queen's chapel at Marlborough House, which was rededicated by the Bishop of London on April 24. It has recently been restored after being damaged in the war. The chapel was designed by Inigo Jones and completed about 1627.

(continued from page 663)

Before criticising biologists, Mr. Toulmin really should familiarise himself with what they are actually doing and the results they are actually obtaining in the study of evolution (e.g. as set forth in such books as G. G. Simpson's *The Meaning of Evolution*).

On his further thesis, that scientific knowledge is irrelevant to ethics, I can only say that I am astounded. Surely it is a commonplace that the different aspects of our life cannot be kept separate in watertight compartments, and that accordingly our general attitudes and our views as to what is right or wrong—our ethics—are in point of fact modified by our knowledge.

To take a specific example concerned with evolution, with the knowledge that we are the heirs of the evolutionary process, and that history is a continuation of biological evolution, but by new methods and with new results, it would seem fairly obvious that our ethics will come to differ from what they were in the past, when the traditional biblical view of man's place in nature prevailed, or from what they would be if we had the knowledge that the world was shortly coming to an end.—Yours, etc.,

Indiana JULIAN HUXLEY

B.B.C. and the Personal Pronoun

Sir,—By his temerarious ruling on a point of grammar, H. Bridgewater, of Sutton, may well bring down upon himself the condemnation of many listeners eager to defend the sensible English of the B.B.C. Not only B.B.C. announcers but, I believe, almost all newspaper writers would now think it pedantic to say 'Aston Villa, which won its "away" match, is now at the top of its division', and would speak of Aston Villa in the plural.

Your correspondent throws away his case by saying that inanimate objects, such as a club, a committee or a company, must be treated in the singular. Yes, if one thinks of them as inanimate objects. But who, watching Aston Villa, or, for the matter of that, Yorkshire at cricket, would ever think of either of these teams as an inanimate object? Even if a prim, school-masterly spectator began by saying 'Yorkshire is a grand team', you would very soon find him saying, 'They excel in so-and-so'. One thinks of a team as this man and that man and the others, and so it is natural and proper—and grammatical—to speak of them in the plural.

Is H. Bridgewater a good guide in the use of English? I must protest against his quoting of the word 'away'. Why load a letter with needless quotation marks? Everybody knows what an away match is. How does the use of quotation marks for the word make its meaning any clearer?—Yours, etc.

Leeds W. L. ANDREWS

Sir,—May I briefly respond to the very interesting letters appearing in THE LISTENER of April 19? In reply to Mr. Degenhardt I would say that no substitute for 'whose' is necessary in the sentence 'Aston Villa, whose performance in recent matches has been excellent', as 'whose' is now an alternative genitive of 'which' and, therefore, in order.

Mr. Tilleray is, of course, quite right in saying that there is an increasing tendency to apply personal pronouns to names of clubs, committees, companies, etc. Evidently the English language is in a state of flux, for I find that some modern text-books indicate that the personal pronoun 'who' may be employed in respect of a collective noun that is *personified*. It would now therefore appear that the matter resolves itself largely into a question of choice—depending (somewhat loosely, I think) upon what is in the mind of the speaker or writer!

I agree also with Mr. Venning's view that a

club may be 'thought of as a team of players, as a body of persons', but as neither a *team* nor a *body* is a person, should he not support my contention that the personal pronoun should not be used in connection therewith? In answer to his question whether one should ask 'who' or 'which' won the Cup Final, the 'personification' rule would seem to permit of the use of 'who', despite the fact that one would really be demanding information as to *which side* had won?

I must, therefore, exonerate the B.B.C. for announcing 'Aston Villa, who won their "away" match', apologise as gracefully as I can in the circumstances, and retire from this apparently unequal contest.—Yours, etc.,

Sutton

H. BRIDGEWATER

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Makin' a Dictionar

Sir,—I am grateful to Mr. Summers for advising me publicly, as others have done privately, that the Scottish werch or werch means insipid, unsalted, and not, as I said, bitter. But I have the reassurance of two correspondents that in the south-west of Scotland it still signifies bitterness or sourness of taste. To me the sound of the word certainly suggests a rough and acid, not a dull, flavour. Perhaps my ear misled me into being three-quarters wrong.

Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.4

IVOR BROWN

Sir,—In his interesting talk Mr. Ivor Brown says 'There is no English equivalent for per-jink, fussily neat and precise'. My dictionary gives 'pernickety, particular and precise in trifles', which appears fairly equivalent.

Yours, etc.,

Braintree

LEWIS H. JOSCELYNE

Gramophone Recordings

Sir,—I agree with Dr. J. L. Burn that it is desirable that gramophone records be played at the correct speed since otherwise both speed of performance and pitch are altered.

But his last sentence, 'the composer's choice of key is flouted', should read, 'the composer's choice of key is flouted more than usual'. In fact Dr. Burn's possession of a sense of absolute pitch of the present day is flouting the choice of key of all the composers up to the time of Beethoven. The standard pitch at that time was almost a semitone flat compared with that at the present day. Handel's tuning fork was equivalent to A=422 vibrations per second, so was the tuning fork of Messrs. Broadwood in 1800. The modern A=439, and a semitone below, approximately 415.—Yours, etc.,

Bergh Apton

H. L. ROGERSON

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of April 19, Mr. John Wilson accuses me of drawing a red-herring across the subject of Dr. J. L. Burn's complaint of gramophone records being broadcast at the incorrect pitch.

I would remind your correspondent that Dr. Burn stated in his letter (1) that there have been recent examples of recorded music being played in a key one tone higher than the composer intended, and (2) that the composer's choice of key is flouted.

My letter was not intended as any criticism of the speed sometimes used by the B.B.C. to broadcast discs, but as a criticism of the 'composer's choice'.

Mr. Wilson's statement that the pitch of Bach's day varied somewhat, but was probably two or three semitones higher than the present English pitch is surely open to criticism. If we

could accept it, Bach's choristers must have possessed exceptionally high voices. The soprano and tenor parts frequently touch A and this would mean B or C at the present English pitch. The mere existence of organ parts transposed down two or three semitones for use in choral and orchestral works suggests that this abnormally high pitching was confined to organs.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

GEORGE COOMBS

'The Good Soldier Schweik'

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. S. Murray-Smith takes up the Critics for having said that *The Good Soldier Schweik* is not obtainable in Prague, but he seems in doubt about the matter himself for he goes on to say that the 'chief reason why it is not always obtainable in the bookshops is the incapacity of the publishers to keep up with the demand'.

As the reviewer of *Schweik* in 'The Critics', I would like to point out that 'The Critics' had the authority of an article on 'Writing in Czechoslovakia', published last July in the *Manchester Guardian*, for expressing anxiety as to the official position of *Schweik* in his native land. This article described *Schweik* as 'suppressed' but added the information that books which the government wishes to discourage are not necessarily forbidden: 'Booksellers and librarians have simply been ordered to inform those who may find the courage to ask for them that they are out of print'. This seems to be what the booksellers told Mr. S. Murray-Smith.

I notice with interest Mr. Murray-Smith's information that a monster edition of *Schweik* has now been announced from the Czechoslovak Trade Union publishing house. The text should be interesting.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.8

C. V. WEDGWOOD

Irish Plea

Sir,—It is not what the B.B.C. broadcasts that I intend to complain about, it is what they do not broadcast. Why can't the B.B.C. give us a little more Irish news, a little more of that beautiful Irish music, some interesting talks about the Green Isle that sends us food and racehorses, and some more Irish songs and Moore's melodies which are world-famous?

Surely the B.B.C. should not hesitate to play a few more of John McCormack's records or Bing Crosby's 'Irish Lullaby'? Millions of British people have spent holidays in Ireland, many have Irish ancestors, and many Irish people live in Great Britain, to say nothing of the thousands of Irish people in Ireland who listen to the B.B.C.

The peoples of Britain and Ireland should get an opportunity of knowing and understanding each other better. Why can't the B.B.C. help? Ireland is not the land of pigs, 'poteen' and potatoes that it is represented to be; it is a land of tradition, culture and a way of life that is the envy of the world. It is a beautiful country with its green fields, purple mountains, laughing waterfalls, silvery waves, mountain passes and 'lake waters lapping with low sound by the shore'. Why can't we hear something about the friendly, good-humoured, hospitable Irish people, the friendly policemen, the tales the Killarney jarveys and Glengariff boatmen tell and the 'pubs' that never close.

Perhaps some of your readers who feel as I do and those who have spent holidays in Ireland will support my appeal for more Irish news, music, songs, etc.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.10 CHRISTOPHER MACCARTHY

The varieties of melon suitable for frames and cloches mentioned by Mr. Charles Quarrell in 'Home Grown' on April 22 were: Tiger, Rock, Prescott, Dutch Net.



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Reviewed by W. G. HOLFORD

I REQUIRE of a building, as of an individual', said Lutyens, 'that a statement should be made gracefully, perhaps with distinction and humour'. Architecture is looking in other directions at present, and it is scarcely surprising that the humour and distinction of Lutyens' own buildings should go somewhat unregarded. All architects have to master a difficult medium before they can free themselves to practise its essential arts, such as space-creation and rhythm, form and line. Lutyens was fortunate in serving his apprenticeship at a time when clients were prepared to foster these arts, and had the means to do it. So that later on he was able to say with truth: 'Architecture, with its love and passion, begins where function is achieved'. Space, to Lutyens, was almost an emotion; it was never a calculation of carpet area.

When all allowances are made for the benefits of patronage that were his, the fact remains that in a period of uncertain taste, Lutyens was architecturally sure and pre-eminent. More than that, he was an architects' architect, for he performed certain feats fully comprehensible only to them, though appreciated in their general effect by his clients, and vaguely apprehended—as in the case of the Cenotaph—by the public at large. Secure in the very centre of his craft, he touched the fountain of honours on one side and the man in the street on the other. His was not the comprehensive grasp of affairs and philosophies which statesmen and thinkers possess, and which contains, like the borders of a lake, the slow currents and the quick movements of a changing period. He was one who, by his own activity, caused a series of ripples to spread out in diminishing force, but perceptibly, to the most distant banks.

It is therefore to the centre of his activity that one must look to find the essence of his genius, and, as with Palladio and Wren, it is intimately concerned with the structure of a visible order of architecture. Around this central creative faculty various protective layers were added. Some nourished and revived his architectural being, others shielded it (for Lutyens was really a shy person), and others were pure camouflage and whimsy (for he covered up his shyness by a form of social attack at the dinner table which has caused endless jokes and sayings to be ascribed to him). The whole background to his performance as an artist, including his upbringing, his office training, his personal attachments, and the approach to his art are set forth in Mr. Christopher Hussey's *Life*. It is superbly done. Both as criticism and as biography the whole account is intensely interesting and moving. Beside his buildings, no worthier memorial to a great architect could possibly have been devised.

Turning from the Memorial Volumes to the buildings themselves, one

traces more easily the threads that Lutyens wove with such delight, and which might otherwise be obscured in the 'utility' pattern of our modern cloth. Almost all his major works reveal it; and one in particular, a commercial building on a restricted site in the City of London, seems to yield the essence of his inventiveness, a quality which he possessed abundantly, and which he applied to small designs as well as large.

This building, which he designed with Mr. Laurence Gotch, is the Head Office of the Midland Bank. As you walk along Cheapside, towards the Bank, you pass in the intervals of war-damage, a number of unremarkable buildings. Then, on the right, appears Wren's most daring piece of architectural sculpture, the tower and spire of St. Mary-le-Bow. Further on, to the left, solidity increases and almost opposite the Mansion House you gradually become conscious of one of Lutyens' most remarkable facades. It is a design of distinction and humour. More than that, it is in Mr. Hussey's words 'the transition from Classical to Elemental architecture . . . the most ancient Order, the very conception of Wall, dissolving and being reconstituted before your eyes'. You turn the corner, past the two solid faces of the National Provincial, and there in Princes Street is Lutyens' facade again, the vigour of his design and the precision of his mouldings marking his work as clearly as if it had been signed.



Midland Bank, Poultry, City of London: main front

From 'The Architecture of Sir Edwin Lutyens'

Mr. A. S. G. Butler devotes many pages of drawings and text to this monumental building in the third volume of *The Architecture*, from which one learns of its splendid extravagances as well as of its extraordinary achievements. Would anyone today thread steel through masonry columns in order to avoid vertical joints in the Portland stone? or step back, for the sake of effect, the walls of a commercial building where every inch of floor is valuable? Lutyens himself referred to 'the waste of space that, unwittingly, creates that most valuable asset, a gain of space'. And if, in fifty years' time, and despite its steel frame, the Midland Bank is linked with Wren's neighbouring churches of St. Stephen's, Walbrook and St. Mary-le-Bow as buildings which should be preserved at all costs, who shall say that he was extravagant, or that he was wholly unaware of social and economic values?

It seems that Lutyens' 'ideal vision', which the student can trace in its applied forms in the designs for the Midland Banks, Britannic House, or Liverpool Cathedral, is for the moment suspended but not snapped. It may have to wait until the social and technical standards, which even now are laying the foundations of a new order of architecture, are able to lift up our eyes and minds once more to the artistic principle and to the systems of proportion and design that Lutyens intuitively recognised.

A Twentieth-Century Myshkin The Problem of 'Topping'

World Within World

By Stephen Spender. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

IN MR. ISHERWOOD'S *Lions and Shadows* there is a description of Mr. Spender, at the age of nineteen, under the fictitious name of Stephen Savage. 'He shared his experiences, like a banquet, with his friends', says Mr. Isherwood. 'In any and every sort of company he would relate, with the same perfect simplicity, the circumstances of a quarrel, the inner history of his family, or the latest developments of a love affair. He inhabited a world of self-created and absorbing drama, into which each new acquaintance was immediately conscripted to play a part'. As with all of us, the inner core of Mr. Spender is changeless; he remains—this book is the proof—essentially the same as he was twenty years ago. That is what makes his autobiography such a remarkable book. For he does relate, even in the company of his readers, 'with perfect simplicity' and—what is rarer—sincerity, exactly what, to his own inner eye, seems to be going on inside his own head and heart. It is well worth relating. There is a type of person whom Tolstoy used to call a 'silly' and whom he considered the best of all human beings. He is the *reine Thor*, the holy lunatic whom men have crucified and worshipped in all ages, down to the Myshkin of Dostoevsky's *Idiot*. Stephen Spender is a 'silly'—'he burst in upon us', to quote Mr. Isherwood again, 'blushing, sniggering loudly, contriving to trip over the edge of the carpet—an immensely tall, shambling boy of nineteen, with a great scarlet poppy-face, wild frizzy hair, and eyes the violent colour of bluebells'. The nineteenth and twentieth centuries have proved a bad time for the *reine Thor*; Myshkin is the first and classic example of the modern 'silly'. He is a Fool, but no fool; in fact, he is an intellectual and a highly intelligent intellectual, who is tormented by, and must argue about, not merely the personal problems of the individual, but the great social and political problems of our chaotic age.

Stephen Spender is a twentieth-century Myshkin; he has gone a step beyond even Dostoevsky's hero. He has, not only Christ and Tsarist Russia on his mind, but Karl Marx and Sigmund Freud, two great wars, and the Nazis and communists. His mind is divided against itself in the most modern way by his mother and father and family, and then again by the sense of social guilt because he has £300 a year and is a liberal and a socialist and a humanitarian. And, to add to his bewilderment, on the top of all this, he is pre-eminently a poet. What makes his book so remarkable is that in all these things he is the same intelligent, intellectual *reine Thor*, and he tells us with the same perfect simplicity and sincerity the story of his inner and outer experiences, whether it be a slightly absurd love affair, his troubles as a temporary member of the Communist Party, his days at Oxford or in London society or with the Republicans in the civil war in Spain. Any autobiography which told, with such devastating candour, the story of a many-sided life lived in the vortex of European catastrophes between 1920 and 1950 would provide 'a banquet' for readers.

Mr. Spender has produced something better, however, than a series of tasty dishes for the omnivorous subscriber to a circulating library. He is, as was remarked above, pre-eminently a poet, and in a less iron age he might well have been allowed by fate, and to our benefit, to live-in and for his poetry. That was not to be; came the blind fury of economics, politics, and Hitler with the abhorred shears, and slits the thin-spun life of poetry. Mr. Harry Pollitt, the Spanish war, the blitz, the National Fire Service, and International Conferences of Writers intrude. But Mr. Spender remains a poet, with the sensibility of a poet. His mind is often in a muddle—is there anyone whose mind is unmuddled in our muddled age?—and one frequently watches anxiously as intellectually he trips over the edge of the carpet, but again and again his sensibility comes to the rescue and carries him and us to the heart and the meaning of some vast social problem or some ridiculous social situation. In this way his book becomes a moving document of our times.

It should be added that, being a born writer, he can say what he means and describe what he sees—a rare accomplishment. His descriptions of places and of what he has seen, whether on the field of battle or in pre-war Hamburg, are admirable; his character sketches of many famous and obscure persons are surprisingly shrewd and often highly amusing.

LEONARD WOOLF

The Shadow of the Gallows

By Viscount Templewood. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

OUR IDEAS ABOUT PUNISHMENT are liable to be muddle-headed. This is not due to intellectual ineptitude, but rather to the fact that we have to estimate the likely effect of punitive treatment, and also to make some kind of compromise between a variety of ethical principles. Furthermore, this weighing of evidence and balancing of judgment is swayed by the dark influences of those unacknowledged desires for vengeance, for the virtuous enjoyment of vicarious aggression, and for that reinforcement of our own inhibitions, which is afforded by the spectacle of the guilty suffering.

In the case of capital punishment (or 'topping', as it is called by fellow-prisoners) the confusion is worse confounded. There is something about death which at once fascinates and appals. It is the symbol of ultimate destruction, and as such it provides our unconscious yearnings with irresistible opportunities. How else can we account for some of the astonishing arguments that were used in the 1948 debates? One of the oddest, which cropped up in one form or another several times, runs as follows: brutal murderers must at all costs be deterred; the death penalty acts as a deterrent; life imprisonment is a far worse fate; therefore they must die.

Lord Templewood, the architect of the Criminal Justice Act of 1948, was Home Secretary from 1937 to 1939. He writes from experience, and he makes his appeal for abolition from a passionate conviction that the death penalty is wrong. He deals with two issues, which it is important to keep apart. Indeed, if one who is wholeheartedly in agreement with Lord Templewood has any criticism to make it is that he does not keep them far enough apart. The first is not really a matter of fundamental importance. It is acknowledged by all that there are degrees of iniquity in killing, and that we need some method of registering our degrees of condemnation. At present this means death or imprisonment; if the death penalty were abolished it would mean a longer or a shorter sentence. The question is: can we formulate degrees of murder in such a way that they can be explained to a jury? In Scotland, Lord Templewood tells us, they can, and it seems to work very well; in England, for some extraordinary reason, we cannot. In India too, it appears, different types of killing are recognised and the penalties adjusted accordingly. But we, in practice, rely on the Home Secretary's recommendation to mercy. Many people hold that this is quite satisfactory, others say that it brings the black cap into disrepute, because it makes unnecessary appearances. This issue is not fundamental because we might very well be convinced that those whom we do not think 'deserve' death will in fact be respited.

The real issue lies with the 'monsters', the murderers of old women and children. The first question is: would their number increase if the death penalty were abolished? The evidence of more than thirty abolitionist States is certainly against it. Mr. Quintin Hogg, however, is reported to have 'searched his heart' and found that under certain circumstances, if he had no death penalty to fear, he would shoot to kill. So it is alleged, would the Bishop of Truro, a staunch supporter of the gallows, who is said to have wanted to extend the death penalty to attempted murder and rape. One can hardly feel that even the confessions of these two eminent men weigh very heavily against the statistical evidence from other countries.

If, then, we accept the evidence that where abolition has been tried there has been no increase of crimes of violence, save such as always occur in the years immediately following a war, then the question is purely a moral one. Lord Templewood gives details of the so-called 'eight o'clock walk', which would appear to take place at the more convenient hour of nine, the peeping at the condemned man to judge his height and weight, the pinioning, the drop, the leaving of the corpse dangling so as to record the stretch of the rope, and the formal inquest. But this appeal to squeamishness is not the real point; euthanasia could replace the grim parade. The question is: is it a decent thing to do at all? 'It matters not to me', says Lord Templewood, 'whether some different form of death is substituted for hanging, or this or that detail is altered in the regulations. An execution is an obscene and uncivilised act'. That is the crux of the matter. Those who agree with Lord Templewood will have to think of the most savage and revolting murderer, for whom reform is out of the question, and yet say that to kill him in turn is obscene and uncivilised. The Bishop of Winchester,

presumably would not agree. He is reported to have said that the death penalty arouses among many people 'a quasi-religious awe'.

About moral intuitions there is no disputing, once the problem is faced. Lord Templewood has set out the problem in clear and moving terms, with a description of the extraordinary history of the various attempts at reform, a discussion of the McNaughten Rules, and a review of the argument about mistaken identity. In so doing he has made yet another contribution to the cause of decent behaviour.

W. J. H. SPROTT

The Paradox of Liberalism

The Liberal Imagination

By Lionel Trilling. Secker and Warburg. 15s.

OF THE HALF-DOZEN WRITERS that have been responsible in the past twenty years for the new 'school' of literary criticism in the United States, Lionel Trilling begins to stand out as the one most distinguished by the wide range of his sympathies and the robustness of his intelligence. His books on Matthew Arnold and E. M. Forster have already established his exceptional competence in objective criticism; his novel, *The Middle of the Journey*, proved his intuitive understanding of the minds and motives of his contemporaries. In the present volume he ranges easily 'from Tacitus to the Kinsey Report, from Huckleberry Finn to Freud'—a versatility that would be a little suspect if we were not continuously aware of the same lively animation in all the essays.

Mr. Trilling himself calls this 'an abiding interest in the ideas of what we loosely call liberalism, especially the relation of these ideas to literature'. But what he means by liberalism ('not only the dominant but even the sole intellectual tradition' in the United States) is not quite what we mean by liberalism in England—at least, we are not so aware of 'the paradox . . . that liberalism is concerned with the emotions above all else, as proof of which the word happiness stands at the very centre of its thought, but, in its effort to establish the emotions, or certain among them, in some sort of freedom, liberalism somehow tends to deny them in their full possibility'. We may agree that one of the tendencies of liberalism is to simplify, and even that we must make an effort to organise the elements of life in a rational way. But between 'reason' in that sense, and the value and necessity of 'the organisational impulse' (and organisation 'means delegation, and agencies, and bureaus and technicians'), there is a difference hidden by the ambiguity of the word reason.

In an essay on 'The Function of the Little Magazine', Mr. Trilling acknowledges the evident indifference of the great writers of our time to liberal ideology. 'Proust, Joyce, Lawrence, Eliot, Yeats, Mann (in his creative work), Kafka, Rilke, Gide—all have their own love of justice and the good life, but in not one of them does it take the form of a love of the ideas and emotions which liberal democracy, as known by our educated classes, has declared respectable. So that we can say that no connection exists between our liberal educated class and the best of the literary mind of our time'. An awkward fact, a dangerous situation, for 'unless we insist that politics is imagination and mind, we will learn that imagination and mind are politics, and of a kind we will not like'.

Though he addresses himself ingeniously and endlessly to this problem, Mr. Trilling does not seem to present us in this volume with any clear solution. He can show us skilfully how the popularity of Dreiser, and the unpopularity of Henry James, were based in America on a confused opposition between reality and mind—and Mr. Trilling is always on the side of mind, whereas in the American metaphysic, 'reality is always material reality, hard, resistant, unformed, impenetrable, and unpleasant'. To this metaphysic Mr. Trilling opposes the morality of love, and in the finest paragraph in the book, which comes at the end of his essay on *The Princess Casamassima*, he says of Henry James that the novelist can only tell the truth if, while he represents his characters in their ambiguity and error, he also allows them to exist in their pride and beauty: 'The moral realism that shows the ambiguity and error cannot refrain from showing the pride and beauty. Its power to tell the truth arises from its power of love'. That strikes one immediately as the truth of the whole matter; but what has this to do with the liberal ideology and the effort to organise the elements of life in a

rational way? 'The spurious liberty of the United States', wrote Lord Acton, 'is twice cursed, for it deceives those whom it attracts and those whom it repels. By exhibiting the spectacle of a people claiming to be free, but whose love of freedom means hatred of inequality, jealousy of limitations to power, and reliance on the State as an instrument to mould as well as to control society, it calls on its admirers to hate aristocracy and teaches its adversaries to fear the people'.

Mr. Trilling's essays cover a period of ten years, and in them it is perhaps not fanciful to perceive a moving away from the American conception of liberty at the beginning of the period, towards Acton's more typically European conception of liberty held by those writers (listed above) whose 'literary qualities demand of us a great agility and ingenuity in coping with their antagonism to our social and political ideals'. His final attitude towards liberalism (in his Preface, dated December, 1949) is critical—'the job of criticism would seem to be, then, to recall liberalism to its first essential imagination of variousness and possibility, which implies the awareness of complexity and difficulty'—a difficult job in a country distinguished above all for its easy rationalistic optimism.

HERBERT READ

A Revolution's Foreign Policy

Soviet Documents on Foreign Policy. Edited by Jane Degras.
Volume I: 1917-1924. Cumberlege O.U.P. for R.I.I.A. 42s.

THE METHOD OF PUBLISHING documentary selections has been widely adopted in many countries as a means of informing public opinion and of circumventing the problems of sources confronting the student of recent or contemporary international history. These problems are of three kinds. In the first place, much of the material upon which study must be founded is highly technical and requires very varied expert knowledge for its proper understanding: moreover a wide linguistic range is necessary if all sources are to be explored. Secondly, the forms of inter-state relationships are now so manifold, and their documentation so detailed, that the problem of bulk of material sometimes seems almost insuperable. But on the other hand, thirdly, accessible materials for almost every subject or theme in recent international history are incomplete or of doubtful reliability. Publications of documentary selections may be government-sponsored (like Gooch and Temperley or Woodward and Butler in this country)—in this case they will normally consist of minutes, telegrams, despatches, instructions and reports selected from hitherto-secret embassy and governmental archives; or they may be collections by private individuals or institutions of documents (like the Chatham House *Documents on International Affairs* in the inter-war years) culled from already-published but widely-scattered sources in various languages—these will be mainly speeches, press statements, public Notes, and minutes of public negotiations.

Soviet Documents on Foreign Policy falls into the second category. It is the first of three planned volumes, and covers the years 1917-1924. The value of collections of this type depends not so much upon technical questions of indexing and arrangement (for such collections cannot of course attempt to reveal a complete picture or present a continuous unfolding of policy), as upon the documents chosen for publication and upon the accessibility of the sources from which the documents have been drawn. Judged by this criterion, Mrs. Degras has begun her task well. It was perhaps hardly necessary to republish a few of the papers centring on the Curzon ultimatum in 1923 and the General Treaty and the Zinoviev letter in 1924, when a simple footnote reference to the appropriate Command Paper would have sufficed; but many of the documents will not be easily available outside London, and most are translated from Russian, a language with which only a minority of scholars in this country is familiar. The indexing is satisfactory, though it is to be hoped that the last volume will include an index of personalities and their appointments.

Mrs. Degras' claim to have indicated the main preoccupations of Soviet foreign relations and policy for the years 1917 to 1924 is substantially just. There are here papers illustrating the interaction of policy and Marxist-Leninist ideology one upon the other; documents dealing with the vitally-important relations of the Soviets with Persia, Afghanistan, Mongolia and China; confirmation of the familiar Soviet

attitude to the problem of the Straits in 1923 and '24; evidence of the benefits derived from the Rapallo policy of co-operation with Germany; illustrations of the remarkable method and tone of Soviet diplomacy before it was *gleichgeschaltet* by the style and personality of Stalin. But the most fascinating aspect of the documents is their demonstration of the effect of six years of power upon the hopes and dreams of a tiny group of conspirators suddenly thrust into greatness by the force of circumstances and the revolutionary genius of two men. On December 3, 1917 the Council of People's Commissars could end an appeal to the Moslems of Russia and the East with the words 'We look to you for sympathy and support in the work of regenerating the world' (page 17); but by October 19, 1924, a resolution of the Central Executive Committee had advanced so far towards the traditional forms of bourgeois diplomacy as to welcome 'the restoration of the rights of the U.S.S.R. on the Chinese Eastern Railway' (page 470). Throughout these

pages runs the well-known dualism of early Soviet foreign policy: the repeated appeals for conferences, requests for the establishment of normal diplomatic relations, and protests at Soviet exclusion from discussions on such problems as Bessarabia, the Aaland Islands, the Polish-Lithuanian frontier, and Memel; paralleled by extraordinary messages nominally addressed to governments but in fact appealing over their heads to their peoples. The main revolutionary activities of the Bolsheviks were no doubt directed through the Comintern, responsibility for the actions of which was repeatedly denied by the Soviet Government; but its own official messages were in the early days sufficient cause for governments to wonder whether their interests would best be served by the opening of normal political and economic relations. The Bolsheviks believed that capitalist governments must be hostile: their own actions ensured the correctness of their belief.

P. A. REYNOLDS

Saints of Rationalism

John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor: Their Friendship and Subsequent Marriage. By F. A. Hayek.
Routledge and Kegan Paul. 18s.

JOHN STUART MILL, the 'Saint of Rationalism' (in Gladstone's phrase) was, among noble Victorians, beyond question truly noble. All the evidence about his private life in Professor Hayek's book leaves us that conviction untouched. We read without irony, as a true expression of his essential character, such a sentence from his diary as this—it was written in 1854, when, knowing himself to be in an advanced stage of consumption, he had grounds for supposing that he had only a short while to live:

I feel bitterly how I have procrastinated in the sacred duty of fixing in writing, so that it may not die with me, everything that I have in mind which is capable of assisting the destruction of error and prejudice and the growth of just feelings and true opinions.

The immediately ensuing sentence is equally characteristic and noble, and, even in being so, reminds us how defiant of propriety, conventional morality and accepted standards of decent behaviour Great Victorians could be—how questionable by any standards, one is inclined to say:

Still more bitterly do I feel how little I have done as an interpreter of the wisdom of one whose intellect is as much profounder than mine as her heart is nobler.

The long passage about Mrs. Taylor in the *Autobiography* is well known. Its ascription to her of transcendent gifts and of the major part in his own intellectual achievement represents his settled estimate, reiterated and confirmed whenever occasion offered. There is, for instance, the dedication to her—not (in spite of Mr. Taylor's objection—he was still alive and sensitive to scandal) wholly suppressed—of the *Principles of Political Economy*.

The material offered us by Professor Hayek does not enable us to determine with any certitude the justice of Mill's estimate of Mrs. Taylor's intellectual gifts (though she clearly had immense influence on his work and development, and must have been a very remarkable person to have had it). But it brings home to us the oddity of the whole history—and, at the same time, of the nobility. When they first met, in 1830, he was twenty-four and she was twenty-two. She was married, by Mill's own account in the *Autobiography*, 'to a most upright, brave and honourable man, of liberal opinions and good education, but without the intellectual or artistic tastes which would have made him a companion for her, though a steady and affectionate friend, for whom she had a true esteem and the strongest affection through

life . . . ' No one who reads her letters to Mill himself can suppose that her ego failed to establish its claim to decisive self-assertion in the legal *ménage*. Moreover, when she met Mill she already had two children, and a third child was yet to come. Yet almost immediately on their prompt discovery of elective affinities the pair were exchanging love-letters. And with quiet practical decisiveness (apparently) Harriet Taylor came to an arrangement with her husband whereby she kept up a show of normal married life by appearing in the London home a brief fraction of the week, but lived in her own house at Walton.

There Mill, it would seem, habitually spent his week-ends. Every now and then, as a rule with a child or two, she would go for a sojourn on the Continent, and there Mill, with calculated discretion, would join her. That there was gossip they inevitably got to know, and Mill broke for life with the Carlyles and with anyone else whom he suspected of any part in its currency.

That in this curious history of personal relations Harriet Taylor's character was the chief determinant few readers of the letters in this book are likely to question—a judgment in which she would doubtless have seen an illustration of typically masculine prejudice. For she was a feminist, exhibiting the familiar characteristics of the kind. There were plenty of real injustices in the position of women for her to be indignant about, but she herself was incapable of doubting her nobility in imposing on her husband the arrangement under which he suffered until his death in 1849—an arrangement of which he so clearly was not the beneficiary (he left her, it may be added, a life-interest in the whole of his property). She held it for a fact, we note, that 'all men, with the exception of a few lofty-minded, are sensualists, more or less; women on the contrary are quite exempt from this trait'.

It is impossible, from these letters, not to form an unpleasant impression of her personality; or not to suspect that she was mainly responsible for the final breach between Mill and his family that followed his marriage with her. On the other hand, it is plain that Mill did owe her an enormous debt. We note that, when he had lost her, he rapidly formed a superlative estimate of her daughter Helen—an estimate conceived and phrased in the familiar terms, as the suppressed passage of the *Autobiography* given us by Professor Hayek shows.

F. R. LEAVIS



Harriet Taylor, c. 1834

From 'John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor'

The Unbuilt City

The Enchafed Flood. By W. H. Auden. Faber. 10s. 6d.

T. E. LAWRENCE, that desert hero, once told me that he did not think highly of the sea. He considered it overrated. He enjoyed teasing sailormen and found them easy game, and when on board would make such remarks to them as 'I've been sitting upstairs on the verandah. I think I'll go now and rest in my room'. Their infuriated reactions amused him. He never crossed the line, I think, but he would have regarded that ordeal as an opportunity for experiencing vulgarity. He was the aggressive landlubber—a refreshing type and a modern one. The landlubber gets covered with tar and chucked overboard, he turns green and is sick, but he has had his laugh and his say. He has made fun of the sea.

Sacrilege!

Yet the sea today certainly is in retreat. Occasionally it reasserts itself, as in the Kon-Tiki expedition, and occasionally, through the fringe of oil and dead birds and the chonking and bobbing of metal objects, we catch a glimpse of it from the shore. But it is in retreat poetically. A poet is needed to arrest it, to restore Neptune his majesty, to wet Canute his feet, to float the Old Man in the Boat. Auden is such a poet. He has the necessary power, and a contemporary vision that can include the past. He takes us back to the romantics, including Lear, he lends us their ears and their fears, and with their help revivifies the mass of water, from whose shallows we came, and contrasts that mass with the desert, into which we try to retreat, and with the city, which we are trying to build and have never built. The nineteenth century helps him—Wordsworth, Shelley, Blake, Tennyson, Melville, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Ibsen, Kierkegaard. They understand the expedition, the setting out, the heroic leap, and sometimes they understand how expeditions end. The age of reason cannot help. Voltaire, Rousseau, understand nothing. They cannot with their common sense interpret this trinity of Sea, Desert, City. They mock on, mock on. And, their salutary mirth in my ears, I turn me to *The Enchafed Flood*.

It reprints lectures. Critics who have decided that lectures must not be reprinted will doubtless complain of it on this account, anyhow it is a good old game, complaining of Auden, and a safe one. The admonitory note, the professional quote, are certainly present in him, but underlying them is imaginative passion, and the words 'We must love one another or die'. The effort to grasp the universe, and when it threatens us, persists here as in his poems. The threat alters because we alter, and neither seas nor deserts now menace directly. They are symbols. And he plunges us into that world of symbols which is so chancy in its effects, and from which we emerge illuminated, or dazed. For myself, I am not too dazed. That is what happens to me when reading this writer. He elicits a response which I cannot always explain. Because he once wrote 'We must love one another or die', he can command me to follow him.

The first section, 'The Sea and the Desert', contrasts and compares these protagonists. They are alike in that they are wildernesses, which beckon to the outlaw and the hero, and they both contain earthly paradises—the Happy Island and the Oasis respectively. They differ in that the sea breeds life. The blessed creatures and the slimy things seen by the Ancient Mariner dwell there, so does Moby Dick, it is wild and lonely but vital. To the city of today—the squalid unbuilt or ruined city—the sea still calls, though its waters choke and destroy us as soon as they are tasted. Its romance is more powerful than the desert's—and T. E. Lawrence knew this really.

The second section, 'The Stone and the Shell', interprets a dream of Wordsworth's, with which the book started. Wordsworth dreamt that he encountered a knight, half Ishmael and half Don Quixote, who held in the one hand a stone, which belongs to the desert and symbolises precise knowledge, and in the other hand a shell, symbolic of poetry and prophecy, and murmurous of the sea. Both the stone and the shell are needed for the perfect city, but the knight must know how to control their opposing magics. He cannot, the waters gain on him, and Wordsworth awakes. Auden has at this point much symbolism on his hands—an extensive bag of tricks. He too fails to control it, I think; anyhow this is the section of the book where I found myself getting dazed. I felt I had strayed into a conjuror's parlour, and that the objects hurtling around me were not real. It is a feeling one often experiences when reading the romantics, and it comes and it goes.

It has gone in the final section. This is called 'Ishmael—Don Quixote'. The two types of heroes are analysed, Ishmael more particularly, and there is a discussion of Moby Dick. Melville is being profoundly explored today, especially in the United States, and like all ploughed-up authors his surface has got rather bumpy. Fortunately Auden is a poet who understands what poems feel like as well as what they mean, and who does not rely too much upon incest and castration. The sea guides him: perhaps through his Icelandic blood. Real and symbolic voyages coincide and by the end of the discussion we have a clearer vision of Ahab's tragedy.

The Enchafed Flood, it should now appear, is itself a poem. Though its tone is critical, it is not constructed like a lecture-course or a thesis. Brooding in it is the ruined or unbuilt city, and we must either build it or die. We cannot escape any more to the sands or the waves and pretend they are our destiny. We have annihilated time and space, we have furrowed the desert and spanned the sea, only to find at the end of every vista our own unattractive features. What remains for us, whither shall we turn? To the city which we have not yet built, to the unborn polity, to the new heroism.

The heroic image today is not the nomad wanderer through the desert or over the ocean, but the less exciting figure of the builder, who renews the ruined walls of the city. Our temptations are not theirs. We are less likely to be tempted by solitude into Promethean pride: we are far more likely to become cowards in the face of the tyrant who would compel us to lie in the service of the False City. It is not madness we need to flee but prostitution. Let us, reading the logs of their fatal but heroic voyages, remember their courage.

Auden's hope—reinforced in his case by Christian dogma—is the world's hope and its only hope. For some of us who are non-Christian there still remains the comfort of the non-human, the relief, when we look up at the stars, of realising that they are uninhabitable. But not there for any of us lies our work or our home.

E. M. FORSTER

The Enlisted Man

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By Graham Greene. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.

MR. GRAHAM GREENE is an important writer—not as important, perhaps, as his current reputation in England and France would suggest, but important none the less. Potentially he is our best novelist since Conrad. He has the range, the experience, the technical accomplishment, the dedication, the almost fatal intensity—the power, in short, to make at any moment a leap into an altogether higher class than that of the well-constructed melodramas on which his reputation now rests. And his audience is ready, for he has captured not merely the surface of their attention, but the power-house and control-room of their inmost imagination. Mr. Greene has occupied his readers, in the fullest military sense. And the metaphor is apt, for Mr. Greene is a man at war: an enlisted man, with no thought of discharge.

The essays in his new book are of many kinds—reviews, prefaces, reportages, and fragments of autobiography which are doubtless not so revealing as they appear; but every one is the work of a combatant. Of course Mr. Greene is too much a creator to possess, and too much a man of honour to counterfeit, the evenly rounded outlook of the liberal critic. His methods, in criticism as much as in the novel, are obsessional. 'Every creative writer worth our consideration', he remarks, 'is a victim: a man given over to an obsession'. Mr. Greene is obsessed with his holy war; but, as happens in more profane conflicts, the shells often fall short of the enemy and burst, as it seems to me, disagreeably near to Mr. Greene's own forward positions. That early attack on the cinema, for instance, with its allusion to the receipt of 'money for forgetting how people live'; the assertion that 'fame falls like a dead hand on an author's shoulder'; and, rashest of all, the hint that Henry James was drawn to the theatre by a vulgar craving for monetary success—a suggestion which is none the sweeter for having first appeared at the moment when Mr. Greene was making (one must assume) vast sums by the serialisation of trash. But then one cannot be too nice in war-time—more especially when the enemy includes everyone who has ever believed that love, or friendship, or art, or the disinterested search for knowledge, may be the most important things in life. There is no possible compromise between those who believe, as one very good critic has just remarked, that 'Mr.



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There are great advantages in Mr. Greene's position. *His* world, at least, is not one in which 'the best lack all intensity'. So penetrating are his assumptions, that he has seen the idiosyncrasies of his own nature become accepted, within the space of one generation, as the normal condition of ordinarily sensitive human beings. To his admirers he is not so much a prophet or a seer as a representative, a sad messenger who just happens to be in the know. When he turns to criticism the result is inevitably partial. It is creator's criticism—the kind in which the critic isolates, with an almost desperate concentration of interest, the elements in somebody else's work which most nearly bear upon his own. The five long essays on Henry James, for instance: they may in the end represent Henry James as a character from an unwritten novel by Mr. Greene, but what passion, what professional knowledge and comradesly insight have gone into their composition! Stevenson, Mr. de la Mare, Ford Madox Ford, Dickens, and Conrad are others who benefit by the exercise of Mr. Greene's powers at their full stretch. But there are other essays in which the conditions of war reassert themselves. Havelock Ellis, for instance, must be accused of 'invincible ignorance' (surely one of the oddest charges in the history of criticism) and cursorily described as 'this ageing man with his fake prophet's air—rather like a Santa Claus at Selfridge's'. Atrocities must be claimed and counter-claimed, and roasted Jesuits brought sizzling from the larders of history. The obliquity of insolence must serve where (as in the case of Mr. Forster and Virginia Woolf) the subject is too fine an artist to suffer from direct attack. Inter-allied courtesies must be carried out to the limit—as in the essay on M. Mauriac. And yet . . . Mr. Greene is concerned with justice, as well as with victory, Léon Bloy and Eric Gill fare little better than Mr. Beverley Nichols and the talking dachshund of Weimar; and when Mr. Greene stumbles on the bodies of Conan Doyle and John Buchan he breathes on their medals and brings them up bright as new. He is the prisoner of his allegiances, but one who lives his captivity with such passion that it seems to many others, and perhaps even to himself, the image of an ideal freedom.

JOHN RUSSELL

Caroline England

The Age of Charles I

By David Mathew. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.

Clarendon. Politics, History and Religion 1640-1660

By B. H. G. Wormald. Cambridge. 25s.

DR. MATHEW'S *The Age of Charles I* is a sequel to his earlier work *The Jacobean Age*, and pursues a line of enquiry already illustrated in his Ford lectures delivered at Oxford in 1948, and published as *The Social Structure in Caroline Society*. The titles of the twenty-one chapters of this new book reveal a wide range of interest, for they include studies of the king and queen, of Strafford, of Laud and the suffragans, of the Puritan element, of the Catholic minority, and of the scientists, to mention only a few. The author brings to his subject an intimate knowledge of the more highly-placed persons of the period, and is equipped for his task by an attitude of detachment, and by his familiarity with such less-known contemporary material as diaries, wills, inventories and personal correspondence; but he is somewhat handicapped by his very sparing use of modern contributions to the subject, many of them of great importance. The chapters, often slight, are always readable, and the style is characterised by a certain preciousness of phrase, carefully evolved and occasionally felicitous. In his last chapter, probably his best, he thus sums up his theme: 'In essence, the earlier Caroline period had a peaceful and in some respects a pastoral spirit—Herrick at Dean Prior, Little Gidding, the Laudian colleges'. The Caroline age, as thus understood, ended before the Civil Wars, and had no affinity with the age of Cromwell. Not unnaturally, the author links this, the true Caroline age, with its Tudor origins rather than with its Restoration aftermath.

As in the Ford lectures, Dr. Mathew is concerned to elucidate the emergence of certain social 'groupings' more specialised than the broad divisions of humanity recognised by the orthodox historian. There is a fascination in such a quest, if only because it takes us away from

both the bald narrative and the stereotyped classification; but it is a quest in which Dr. Mathew does not always succeed, sometimes because of the poverty of his material, more often because he looks at humanity from the high eminence of the Court, and is almost distressed to find 'groupings' not directly warmed by the sun of royal favour. Thus, English factors living abroad 'would be unaffected by the streaming life of the great monarchies' and 'it was a far cry from Queen Henrietta's ladies to the sober country wives who sat at home with simples and receipt books'. Equally unpromising, from this point of view, are the criminal classes who are summarily dismissed with the statement: 'It is, of course, not the criminals themselves who are of primary interest in a consideration of opinion or of detailed custom'. Surely it would have been interesting to examine the social conditions which caused wider variegation in wrong-doing during this period. More hopeful, in this search, are those new officers in the Ship Money fleets whose interests 'were bound up with the Court', but here the evidence provided by Dr. Mathew is slight in the extreme, though it is possible that among the 'distinguished passengers' carried by the Fleet there were some with royal credentials. As for the ordinary seamen and emigrants to the west they, of course, were beyond the pale.

In these democratic days one feels the freshness and novelty of Dr. Mathew's attitude to humanity as revealed in this book, and one cannot help recalling Dr. Johnson's description of America as 'a place where there are only natural curiosities'. The truth is that this search for 'groupings' often results in nothing better than the trivial or the exceptional, and it is often forgotten that the task of the historian is to depict not the abnormal, but the normal. On the other hand, where Dr. Mathew is concerned with the broader, more ordinary, divisions of society, such as Catholics, Puritans and Presbyterians, he is often well-balanced and informative. On a small point, he follows the popular practice of printing 'ye' for 'the' where he is citing a manuscript or a modern transcript. What looks like 'y' is merely a well-known contraction for 'th', and the definite article was 'the' not 'ye'.

Mr. Wormald is a serious student of the period, and this study of Clarendon (or Hyde as he then was) is an expansion, with modifications, of a university prize essay. As with Dr. Mathew, his last chapter is the best, for it contains a readable account of the Great Tew circle and of Clarendon as an enlightened Anglican. On the dust cover it is claimed that Mr. Wormald's interpretation 'reverses the traditional idea of Clarendon'; more modestly, the preface describes the book as no more than an essay, and only the first of several volumes. But when an essay extends to more than 300 pages, the reader expects some coherent arrangement, and this is scarcely provided by the first two of the three chapters, for these are named 'Politics' and 'History', without any clear reason for the choice of such titles, and this obscurity is increased when the second section of the 'History' chapter is styled 'Historical Politics'. These two chapters, extending to well over 200 pages, contain a roughly chronological account of Clarendon's policy and conduct in these years, in the light of his opinions afterwards expressed in his *History*; roughly chronological because, though 1660 is eventually reached, the author is constantly referring back to episodes earlier than the date which we appear to have reached. Often, in the absence of quotation marks, it is practically impossible to distinguish what is Clarendon and what is Mr. Wormald; indeed, in the account of the Restoration, one is obliged to assume that all of it is Clarendon. When it is added that the style of the author is diffuse and involved, the difficulties presented by this book will be appreciated.

What really is Mr. Wormald's reversal of the traditional verdict? Here are his own words: 'As a politician, in the early period, his parliamentarianism had included, as a matter of course, an element which is misleadingly termed royalism. As a historian, in the later one, he distilled a royalism which, as soon as he looked up from his manuscript to regard the contemporary scene, became, as a matter of course, nothing but a means to something which it is in no way misleading to term parliamentarianism . . . It is true that Hyde was a royalist only when he was writing his *History*. But he is a better historian outside his own *History* than in it, and outside it he is no more Royalist than before'. These statements need sorting out. Furthermore, many readers will regret that, without any preliminaries, we are suddenly plunged, at the beginning of this book, into the second session of the Long Parliament, when Hyde was 32 years of age. Clarendon's personality was a complicated one, and can scarcely be understood without reference to his origins, his education, his Common Law training, and his early associates, who included Ben Jonson and Selden.

DAVID OGG

Henry Fuseli

The Drawings of Henry Fuseli. By Nicolas Powell. Faber. 25s.

The Mind of Henry Fuseli. By Eudo C. Mason. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

DURING THE LAST twenty years Fuseli has become part of the cult of smart English taste, with the result that his work and reputation have been at the mercy of a few fashionable essayists and other superficial or sensation-seeking minds. But at last here are two serious and admirably complementary volumes, the one a study of Fuseli's mentality the other of his art, which set both the man and the artist in a true perspective. From the start of his well-turned essay Mr. Powell recognises that Fuseli has recently suffered 'from excessive affection and enthusiasm'. Fuseli, he says, 'is not one of those great artists whose work, studied more and more, is more richly rewarding with each performance'. We must 'approach him reasonably and soberly . . . for like all painters and artists of one formula, he is able to bore'. Sensibly Mr. Powell recognises that Fuseli 'is more easily understood as a journalist or poet using paint as a means to transmit literary ideas, than an artist working in a medium with its own aesthetic', and he explains that it is not the formal and aesthetic qualities of Fuseli's drawings that are arresting but their content. This arouses, he says, 'a certain curiosity . . . and at the same time a mystification takes hold until one is compelled to ask, who is this Fuseli? Never was there artist whose background more intimately explained his work . . .'

Mr. Powell's exploration of this background is perforce limited by circumstances, because he is principally concerned with tracing the sources of Fuseli's style, defining his handwriting and dividing him from his imitators. Here he makes his real contribution, for after prolonged study he confidently affirms (citing also contemporary witnesses) that 'an important drawing by Fuseli which is not left-handed has yet to be found'. In consequence of this discovery some irreconcilable and would-be sensational drawings given currency by Messrs. Piper, Todd and Ganz—for example 'The Debutante' (Tate), 'Theseus and Ariadne' (Lowinsky), the Faust scenes (V. and A., and Chicago) and several so-called 'obscene drawings'—are shown to be by other hands. Thus Mr. Powell has provided the answer to a problem which worries Mr. Mason, namely whether or not Fuseli took 'notice of the great representative poetic work of his age', Goethe's 'Faust', the masterpiece of a great admirer.

Mr. Powell's book is illustrated with many unpublished drawings from English collections and contains a valuable list of abbreviations and place-names which he has found in inscriptions. He is mistaken in dating Canova's visit to London 1817 (it was 1815), and his claim that Martha and Magda Hess were with Fuseli in Ostend in 1779 conflicts with Fuseli's letter from Namur quoted by Mr. Mason.

Mr. Mason's long introduction and notes constitute the first convincing and intelligent interpretation of Fuseli's weird and contradictory character. The biographical details of his relatively uneventful life are wisely relegated to a chronological table, for Mr. Mason is primarily concerned with Fuseli's personality, with his emotional and intellectual experiences, and with what went on in his mind—aspects of his make-up which previous writers have lacked the erudition and insight to investigate. Ordained as a Zwinglian minister in 1761, Fuseli nevertheless from the start 'regarded poetry as his true vocation'. While studying in Zurich he had been taught by Bodmer, one of the inaugurators of the great revolutionary movement which was 'to emancipate German literature from . . . French Enlightenment classicism'. Nurtured on Milton, Pope, Thomson, Young and Shakespeare, then influenced by

Klopstock, Fuseli was soon regarded as 'one of the principal hopes' among the young poets, although his poems consisted mostly of 'strained, often bombastic rhetoric'.

But in 1764, expelled from the Church, he moved to London to 'act as a liaison officer between the English and German-Swiss advanced literary movements'. For the next six years literature remained his profession; he plunged into the literary and artistic life of London and published his first works. In 1770, however, he suddenly decided that his vocation was, after all, painting—he had drawn since childhood—and went off to Italy (remaining eight years) to try 'to make up for the lost years in which he should have been undergoing a proper technical training'. From this moment Fuseli 'quite deliberately and stubbornly ceased' to take 'an interest in romantic literature, whether English or German, and never made contact with it again. Yet neither literature nor the Church were expunged from his life, for though in future he was not writing poetic drama or epic, he was painting it instead (Mr. Powell says his approach was 'intellectual and neurotic') and frightening the world with his quasi-orthodox belief in 'the metaphysical reality of sin, evil and damnation'.

Fuseli was no humanist or nature painter—he regarded landscape as 'the last branch of uninteresting studies'—and no visionary either. 'He maintained (says Mr. Mason) that painting as a truly valid and pure art should concern itself exclusively with heroically idealised human figures, constructed according to the classical "canon of proportion" . . . engaged in some striking action which "tells a story" and bodies forth an idea'. This was what Italy (where he discovered the 'epic' painter Michelangelo and the 'dramatic' painter Raphael) taught him, and it accords well with the neo-classical theories of his age. But Fuseli did not live up to his aesthetic tenets, which he expounded for more than thirty years in the Royal Academy and in innumerable articles (Mr. Mason has made a great contribution in identifying more than fifty), for he was a preacher and a law unto himself. This is a great part of his fascination. 'The fear of not being understood or felt', he wrote, 'makes some invigorate expression to a grimace'. A revealing aphorism.

Unlike his contemporaries, Fuseli rejected the notions that art could be a substitute for religion or that poets are the acknowledged legislators of mankind. He at least refused to 'subordinate existence and character to beauty and sublimity', for he felt that life was a dangerous and terrible business. Hence his exaggeration of its treacherous and daemonic aspects. In this context Mr. Mason's section 'On Women' is most illuminating, especially when read in conjunction with the revelation of Fuseli's homosexual relationship with Lavater in the 1760s. Take this aphorism for instance: 'Female affection is ever in proportion to the impression of superiority in the object. Woman fondles, pities, despises and forgets what is below her; she values, bears and wrangles with her equal; she adores what is above her'. Fuseli's stone-hard, towering, sex-preying furies are surely Sacher-Masoch's *Venus en fourrures* and not, as Mr. Powell thinks, women who are 'only the foil, almost asexual, and fully decorated to attract the hero'. But for all his fascination, Fuseli demands too great a relaxation of aesthetic standards. Being largely an autodidactic artist, he set conception above technique and so has no claim to greatness, for as Mr. Powell so rightly says, 'he is one of those whose artistic ambition and imagination were far in advance of his technical abilities'.

DOUGLAS COOPER



Self-portrait by Henry Fuseli (inscribed 'Wickstead' in an unknown hand), from the Captain H. Reitlinger Collection Victoria and Albert Museum

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PSYCHOANALYSIS ORIGINATED as a technique for the diagnosis and cure of neurotic disorders. As experience accumulated it also developed a body of concepts concerning the organisation and processes of the human mind or psyche. Although these two aspects of psychoanalysis are derived from the same body of data—the interpretation of the free associations communicated by the patient to the analyst—they are epistemologically quite distinct, and much confusion has resulted from the failure to keep the two systems of thought separate. Freud labelled the body of process-concepts ‘metapsychology’, treating the diagnostic and therapeutic aspects as psychoanalysis proper; but this distinction has not been widely or consistently observed (even by Freud himself); and Dr. Brierley is probably making a useful terminological distinction in taking over from Field-Marshal Smuts the term ‘personology’ for the psychoanalytic theories of human behaviour and motivation.

The psychoanalytic interview is the best experimental situation so far devised for exploring the operations and development of the individual psyche; but the conditions which favour the unfolding and discovery of intra-psychic processes—the ritual isolation of analyst and patient, the careful avoidance of contact outside the analytic hour, the exploration of fantasied relationships (transference), the foreseen termination of the relationship, the only common social bond the cash payments—all these would seem to be major disadvantages when a psychoanalyst shifts his attention from the individual to the society. This is almost an occupational temptation with psychoanalysts. To the extent that they are good psychoanalysts they have a knowledge and understanding of individual psychology to which no other professional scientific group can lay claim; but they have a dangerous tendency to treat this knowledge as though it were a ‘Key to the Scriptures’, as though by its means all social, economic, religious and ethical problems could be solved. Freud himself was not immune from this temptation; and although he was a cultivated man with wide knowledge and interests outside psychoanalysis, his essays in ‘applied’ psychoanalysis—*Totem and Taboo*, *The Future of an Illusion*, and so on—are a source of embarrassment rather than illumination to all except the faithful.

Dr. Brierley chose poorly in giving the title *Trends in Psychoanalysis* to her arranged and re-edited collected papers 1934-1947; less than a third of the contents—the chapters concerning the development of psychoanalytic theory up to 1934 and the sensible appraisal of the work of Melanie Klein—really deserve the title; the bulk of the book consists of Dr. Brierley’s personal views on epistemology, religion, ethics, and the good society as developed through the psychoanalytic ‘Key to the Scriptures’. She claims in her introduction: ‘The standard of reality which obtains in the consulting room is applicable to the wider world’; and the book shows how extremely fallacious, and indeed dangerous, such a viewpoint can be. The standard of reality in the consulting room is the primacy of mental events; such a standard in the wider world is, to put it bluntly, nonsense. Thus the long chapter on religion argues as though each individual invented his own religion, based on his needs for projection; no account is taken of the fact that religion, with its organised attitudes and practices, existed prior to the individual whose use of it is being studied. The discussion of war (caused by the accumulation of ‘surplus aggressive tension’ in individuals, as though war were declared by plebiscite), ethics and morals are all nullified by this wilful ignoring of social institutions, of the fact that the vast majority of mankind are social creatures, not desert islanders (even if the desert island be the neutral consulting room) or displaced persons setting up a community in a wilderness.

What is most alarming about this book is that Dr. Brierley shows no awareness of her ignorance. No social scientist could write, for example, ‘The tendency of the ego to mistake means for ends is illustrated in the social sphere by the elevation of the acquisition of wealth and power to be goals of human endeavour, though they have welfare value only in so far as they can be used to provide the conditions for creative and integrative living’. Some might prefer that welfare, rather than wealth or power, should be a supreme value, but this is a statement of individual preference, not a scientific finding. It is obvious that some societies do make power their supreme value; to call this a mistake in a book purporting to be scientific shows a most deplor-

able and parochial smugness. Values are as legitimate a subject of study as neuroses; they need, to use Dr. Lasswell’s phrase, a different observational viewpoint from that of the individual psychologist. Dr. Brierley has demonstrated at very considerable length that the seat behind the analytic couch is one of the most restricted viewpoints from which to study the wider world. Her views would have been far more acceptable if they had been presented as the speculations of a woman of good will, without the vocabulary and the aura of psychoanalysis.

Dr. Ernest Jones, the ‘father’ of English psychoanalysis, is one of the very few survivors of the original band who gathered round Freud in the first decade of this century. Like Freud, he is a man of wide interests and considerable knowledge; and he too has succumbed to the temptation to ‘apply’ psychoanalysis to subjects outside the direct sphere of psychoanalytic study. Dr. Jones has however the advantages of considerable cultivation, robust common sense, a genuine appreciation of the arts, and an agreeable prose style which make his essays enjoyable and instructive apart from the application of psychoanalytic concepts, which indeed are often applied like decorations that can be removed without damaging the structure. The essay on the chess player, Paul Morphy, is a fascinating sketch, whether one accepts or not the suggestion that ‘the unconscious motive activating the (chess) players is not the mere love of pugnacity characteristic of all competitive games, but the grimmer one of father-murder’. The suggestion that anything that is called ‘king’ is a father-symbol is one of the tenets of early applied psychoanalysis. In the later papers such simplicism is discarded; and the final papers on social themes—on Quislingism, on the Jewish question, on international tensions—show a valuable wisdom in which psychoanalysis is only one component.

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 And If and Perhaps and But ...

which we are told makes it so unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot. Generalisations trip boldly from Mr. Crankshaw’s pen, and all is certainly about that usually so enigmatic subject—the aims, the strengths and weaknesses of Soviet Russia. Bolshevism is not really a modern problem, we are told, it is the age-old problem of Russia. The Russians have never really understood freedom, only anarchy; the modern Soviet régime is really ‘essentially’ Russian régime which is thus ‘tolerable to Russians’, but to no one else; Soviet expansionism is really only revived nineteenth-century Russian imperialism; and so forth.

It is of course very satisfying to find historical pigeonholes for contemporary problems. When the country of Bach and Goethe became a concentration camp run by maniacs, many well-thumbed copies of Tacitus’ *Germania* were produced to prove that this is exactly what was to be expected of Germans. Now that something very similar is happening to the country of Pushkin and Turgenev it is inevitable that similar appeals should be made to what Leontiev wrote (incidentally, one of the less representative of Russian nineteenth-century thinkers) or to the despatches of bygone Russian foreign ministers. It just won’t do. Certainly, Russian imperialism in the nineteenth century presented problems to British diplomacy, as did no doubt British imperialism to Russian diplomacy. But when, at any time before the communist régime, did Russia declare cold war on the whole world, and with the aid of an elaborate fifth column, set out to expand her influence wherever the resistance was weak enough to do it? Or obstruction? At the Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907 it was Russia who urged the most progressive and far-reaching proposals for international compulsory arbitration against the opposition of the other powers. Certainly the idea of ordered liberty developed late in Russia, and was always liable to be swamped by anarchy, if not restrained. With a population of ninety-four per cent. serfs, half-liberated in 1861, it would be surprising if it were otherwise. But by the early twentieth century Russia was well on the way to developing into a country run on normal European lines. She had local self-government, a tolerably good legal system, trade unions, even the semblance of a constitution.

The blindness of the autocracy, which treated the most moderate liberals as if they were anarchists with bombs in their pockets and put its trust in advisers of the type of Rasputin; the war; the determined, uncompromising, doctrinaire lust for sole power of Lenin and his followers did the rest. The sooner we realise that phenomena like communism and nazism are not the peculiar product of certain backward or wicked races, but diseases to which human kind as a whole is prone, and which may attack any nation if the circumstances conduce, the sooner we shall be prepared to deal with the menace which these diseases present.

Mr. Crankshaw's analysis becomes more convincing when he leaves the field of history, which is perhaps not his strong line. (It is very misleading to suggest on the strength of the stock quotation from Yakushkin that the serfs petitioned against liberation; Lenin was not shot at in 1921, but in 1918). His main argument is devoted to showing that there is no master plan for world domination in Stalin's mind; that so far from Soviet diplomacy being a record of successes, it is a catalogue of ineptitudes; and that the military and industrial strength of the U.S.S.R. should not be exaggerated. He concludes that the Soviet Union does not desire war. There is no difficulty in accepting the last conclusion. In Lenin's library there is an annotated copy of Clausewitz. In the margin against the passage where Clausewitz says (of Napoleon) 'he preferred to win his victories without opposition', Lenin's almost passionate markings reveal his approval. No doubt Stalin would also fully agree—there is nothing about the communist leaders of the blood and Walhalla passion for war for its own sake which characterised Hitler. But master plan or not, Stalin, like Napoleon, is quite ready to take what he can where the opposition is not serious, or more precisely, to risk any war, of which he foresees a victorious end—with himself still in the saddle. Mr. Crankshaw indeed fully endorses the view that the only way to prevent such wars is to maintain in readiness in the west forces adequate to make the adventure not worth the risk. Moreover, in an excellent chapter on the 'Sinews of War' he shows just how overwhelming is the potential of the U.S.A. and of the non-communist countries of Europe, compared with that of the U.S.S.R. and its satellites. It is this fact which is the ultimate deterrent. It can remain so for a long time, provided the free countries remain united and determined.

This is a useful, if somewhat irritating book. Mr. Crankshaw's omniscience will not be to every reader's taste. 'There is good reason to believe', he pontificates, that since 1946 Stalin has been preoccupied with the future of the Soviet Union after his death. How can anyone in England have good reason to believe anything about Stalin's private preoccupations? And what dictator has ever been preoccupied with his own succession? For the recent bizarre controversy over the linguistic theories of Professor Marr, in which Stalin intervened, Mr. Crankshaw has his own explanation. Stalin wanted to show that Marxism means what Stalin says it means. But is there anyone in Russia (or indeed outside) who has had any doubts about that fact for the past twenty years? Incidentally Mr. Crankshaw does Stalin an injustice by mistranslating a word in one of his letters. It was the 'Talmudists' not the 'dogmatists' whom Stalin reproved—a horse of a very different colour.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO

Macbeth in Arden

Macbeth. Edited by Kenneth Muir. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT this year is a very handsome one, no less than a new revision of the famous Arden edition, begun in 1899 by W. J. Craig. Now Professor Ellis-Fermor takes charge with a team of young and fresh editors. The general idea is to preserve the plates of the text, to revise the notes and to have completely new introductions. Cunningham's edition of 'Macbeth' in 1912 was not one of the best in the series, and he was not allowed to prepare his own text. Mr. Muir, fortunately, was given a free hand, the text and notes have been completely reset, and the new introduction of some sixty-five pages incorporates the fresh discoveries and interpretations of fifty years of scholarship and criticism.

There is no Quarto text of 'Macbeth', and even the experienced Professor Dover Wilson says it is a difficult play to edit. The present admirable tendency is to justify the original text rather than emend or prune it. Mr. Muir claims that his text is 'closer to that of the First Folio than any since the seventeenth century', but in three fundamental points he departs widely. Stage directions are tampered with

and their position sometimes altered, and little indication is given whether they are from the Folio or are modern additions. Lines are rearranged in accordance with modern notions of metrical regularity, even though in many instances the rugged mislineation seems to be a clue to the way in which the lines were spoken; and the original punctuation which is so frequently a clear guide to Elizabethan dramatic delivery is distorted into grammatical regularity and modernity. Yet Mr. Muir in his preface says 'I hope I have not lost sight of the fact that "Macbeth" is an acting play'.

An edition intended for schools and universities and for the curious layman should give the results rather than the processes of scholarship. There has of recent years been such a rush of new scholarly discussion on 'Macbeth' that in his desire to record it and be fair to it, Mr. Muir has perhaps been over-generous in presenting it and not sufficiently ruthless in rejecting interesting but essentially irrelevant suggestions. The date of the play is usually guessed or assumed to be 1606, though much of the evidence is conjectural and very slender. He accepts too readily the repeated suggestions made on high authority that 'Macbeth' was printed from a prompt-copy or from a transcript of one, though most of the evidence for this should vanish on theatrically informed scrutiny. Even the one serious crux 'Ring the bell' is clearly an effective dramatic repetition after a dwindling vocal cadence, and not a prompter's note which has slipped into the text. He wisely concludes that there is very little interpolation in the play. It is no longer certain that such few excrescences as the Hecate scenes are indeed by Middleton. He seems to accept the sensible view that the play is not an abridgement of a longer play by Shakespeare. Mr. Roy Walker has brilliantly demonstrated the authenticity and theatrical rightness of the opening witch-scenes, the 'bleeding sergeant' episode and the King's Evil scene, and their Shakespearean authorship need never be questioned again.

In annotation, thanks to recent scholarship, this edition is richer than any before, though occasionally recent scholars are credited with the discovery of earlier pioneers, and some of the more interesting findings are not synthesised in the introduction, which deals in detail with the text and the date and with general problems. There is an excellent section on the Porter's scene, a little too curiously tinged perhaps by the modish concern with imagery. There is a section on the sources, lacking a little in adequate discussion of Shakespeare's creative treatment of them. There is a comprehensive section on the play's interpretation as a whole, too much quoting the voices of others perhaps, but no section of appreciation, and no evaluation of the essential summits of the poetry. We cannot see the poetry for the images. As a scholar Mr. Muir is nothing if not up-to-date. He makes full use of the excellent running commentary by Mr. Roy Walker, *The Time is Free*, one of the best of recent books on 'Macbeth', and of what he rather naughtily calls 'The School of Knight'. He refers to Freud, Sartre, Russian dialects and 'the Existential anguish of choice', and we may expect these to crop up shortly in examination answers. The notable innovations since the last edition are the insistence on the revelations of imagery, the strong echoes from the Bible, Old and New Testament alike, and the new theological red-herring in scholarship. Less adequately treated are the two main and fundamental aspects, Shakespeare as poet, and Shakespeare as dramatist in the theatre.

The business of an annotated edition is to answer questions. There are three test passages in 'Macbeth', the first is

The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

In his text Mr. Muir omits the crucial comma, which was an Elizabethan indication of a definite pause. In his notes he omits Murphy's statement 'Garrick was for some time in the habit of saying: "the green—one red"; but, upon consideration, he adopted the alteration which was first proposed by this writer in the *Gray's Inn Journal*', and he omits Malone's statement, which has never been disproved, that 'the green' and 'one red' are not Elizabethan constructions. In the second sounding, the 'To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow', speech, the notes give many details, but no clear picture of the poetical quality and texture compounded of a warp and weft of theatrical and biblical allusion. In the third passage

It will have blood they say:
Blood will have Blood:

Mr. Muir joins into one line the two lines of the Folio, so clearly indicative of a dramatic pause after 'they say', before the gnomic solemnity of 'Blood will have Blood', and pushes back the colon to before 'they say'. Nevertheless, 'Macbeth' is a promising beginning to the new series.

J. ISAACS

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

Animals on the Move

FOUR-LEGGED MANIFESTATIONS of the life force have provided some of the best recent viewing. There was the topsy-turvy sloth, creeping eerily from bough to bough as if playing out some long-forgotten jungle charade, the orang-outang reposing in his keeper's embrace like a philosopher with brain-softening. Two outstandingly good subjects, these, in the brief but wholly interesting 'Animals on the Move' series in which the Superintendent of the London Zoo showed us some of his charges and talked authoritatively but not too learnedly about them. His sympathetic presence will have reassured viewers whose sensibilities were troubled by the protesting efforts of some of the exhibits to escape the glare and fuss. It was a good idea to introduce a viewing family telephoning questions to the superintendent as the animals came on to the screen. But the producer appeared to leave this part of the programme to look after itself and the result was unfortunate. The questions should have reflected the eager inquiring spirit of youth. They were repetitious and dull. The Superintendent deserved better co-operation. He has an excellent television manner, as well as some of the best television material to be found anywhere.

Taking a small punning liberty with the Iliad, 'another race the following spring supplies'. The steeplechasing at Holly Hill Farm, seen by some viewers last year, brought better-looking animals to our screens and with them some of this delayed spring's first signs—waving catkins, bursting buds, a pigeon nesting in a tree. The camera moved jocularly about the course, giving us a sense of the tweedy gusto of the occasion. It did specially well with its pan-

oramic shots. One stays in the memory of four girl jockeys, slowed down to conversation pace by the mud, passing as sedately as Canterbury pilgrims along the skyline and next seen in furiously extended rivalry as they came again into closer view. The racing cannot have mattered much to any of us looking from afar, nor was there evidence of any great pressure of interest from the considerable crowd. But it was all continuously agreeable and relaxing to watch, with Freddy Grisewood's amiability contributing to a pleasant total effect.

Television outdoors is a ruthless competitor of television indoors. The point was again made with sombre emphasis by Television Newsreel's work on the Affray search. One's attention was infallibly gripped by the pictures as a technical exploit, regardless of their emotional impact. We went down to the great waters with the camera and were appalled by what it had to show us



Film Traders

Still from the French film 'Bataille du Rail', televised on April 17; and (left) Godfrey Imhof driving a motorcar up specially constructed stairs during a 'Trials Special' edition of 'Television Sports Magazine' on April 18



of expert bewilderment in the face of calamity. The shots of silent look-out men staring faithfully into the waves around them were poetically inspired, the camera stressing, almost unbearably, the vast poignant emptiness of the scene.

Returning to studio activities, there was 'Readers and Writers', announced as the first in 'a new series of fortnightly programmes



Barrie Edgar having a cast made of one of his hands during a television programme for children on April 18 when he, and viewers, learned some of the methods used by the staff of Madame Tussaud's

about books and literary personalities'. The specimen production, in which Frank Tilsley, novelist, interviewed Sir John Squire, poet, did not shine with the bright promise of solving a problem long baffling to the B.B.C., how to make books a compulsively attractive programme topic. Sir John Squire has a private reputation as a talker. He was given no lead to display his gifts. Tilsley seemed overburdened with his double role of reviewer and interviewer. Nothing was said in this programme that was worth the trouble of going wherever it was to say it. Hoping for the best is a civilised sentiment, but television producers must not make it their slogan.

For an example of efficient production one thinks back a few days to the programme, designed for younger viewers and appealing undoubtedly to many others, in which the secrets of the waxworks trade, business or profession were discussed. It appeared also to be a good example of pertinacity in public relations, for by the end we were almost persuaded that Madame Tussaud's is both a major industry and a national asset. The programme gave too much weight to its subject, but it had the merit of being essentially visual in content and of having been well thought out in advance. It attained balance and unity. One's attention was held by a screen busy with information and demonstration.

No production problem bedevilled the televising of the French resistance film, 'Bataille du Rail'. But the presentation was unsatisfactory in that many viewers probably gave up trying to read the English captions very soon after the film had started. Something should have been done to avoid or minimise this annoyance. No one pays £2 a year to be irritated even for two

minutes. The film contained the ingredients of excitement, tension, and drama and, incidentally, welcome relief from the B.B.C.'s monotonous stock of train noises. It made the oppressors seem to be victims of history, like the oppressed.

Among the didactic programmes, 'Women's Viewpoint' looks like settling down to a satisfactory run. It will need production, selection, inspiration. The ladies have charming hesitations, a change from the verbal scufflings of 'In the News'. When John Irwin, 'In the News' producer, persuaded its arranger, Edgar Lustgarten, to take the chair at short notice recently, he did a good turn to team and viewers alike. Lustgarten has a flair for management and a commendable dislike of loose ends.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

The Intruder

WHAT AN ENCOURAGING experience it is to find the B.B.C. broadcasting 'Asmodee' and what a discouraging play it is. M. Mauriac is not a jolly fellow. I think that we are sometimes apt to mistake our natural timidity for guilt in his presence. Only too easily do we feel wretched, these days. Indeed, it is a bad moment. But cheerfulness keeps breaking in. I have a feeling that even were God in His heaven and everything demonstrably right with the world M. Mauriac would still be pulling long faces in one corner. Like highbrows, or Liberals, or other persecuted minorities, men of reasonably cheerful disposition are only too ready to apologise for their existence. It is rather hard. On the one hand come Roman Catholics like M. Mauriac hinting direfully at dreadful things, and on the other hand here come noisy fellows who once upon a time joined the communists and now, repenting of their error, come streaming back to harp to us (who did not worship the failed god) of death, destruction and dissolution.

I am as ready, I who must listen daily to the Archers and Mrs. Dale—nay, readier than most men, I believe—to investigate with sympathy so distinguishedly tormented a family as that from which our genial Asmodeus here lifts the roof. I enjoy drama of this standard whatever the premises. But I am not going to be intimidated. What exactly is M. Mauriac after? What, more precisely, is Monsieur Coûture supposed to be—a 'caution', in the cockney sense? a devil? or an exemplar, one of those inside-out heroes of the tradition of which in this country Graham Greene is the great panjandrum, a hero who by our vulgar bourgeois standards is a perfect horror but who (we learn to our discomfort) is dearer to heaven than the conventionally 'good' men who know not temptation, or good from evil.

M. Coûture (called Le Bel in Basil Bartlett's original translation, and one understood why, for an English cast, the name went wrong on the lips five times out of six), this Blaise Coûture is stated categorically to be 'necessary' to the widow Barthas. As what? Lover, mentor, voice of conscience, target for power lust? I do not know; I question a little if Mauriac himself knew; I feel sure that Anthony Jacobs, who squared up manfully to the role, shares my bewilderment. What is supposed to happen after the last curtain. 'But I shall not be alone', says Mme. Barthas, 'you see, I have Monsieur Coûture with me'. Exclamation mark. A lifetime of mutual torment is suggested—followed by eternity where the worm dieth not. I admit to finding this disturbing; as in Henry James, so much has been brought to bear that surely whatever is being hinted at is something very terrible. Or am I unduly sensitive? Is it all just intellectual Grand Guignol, a very thin boy's super-sermon to make our flesh creep?

Ibsen, Strindberg, Stendhal and whole chunks of Turgenev's 'A Month in the Country' (I remember Agate calling 'Asmodee' 'Two months in Another Country') go into this unsettling dose. Yet the total effect is uniquely French—not least in its view of the 'nice' young English intruder which is ostensibly flattering until you look deeper and find Mauriac sharing the general French notion of the English as scarcely human in the accepted sense, just well-washed monuments of phlegm, lacking in all the ordinary feelings. (The idea that shyness or reticence or a refusal to hate continuously and at length *à la française* is not entertained as an explanation—besides, has not *le grand Bernard Shaw* laid it down that all Englishmen are fools?). Joan Matheson, Joan Hart and Brenda Ralston; David Enders and, within limits, Mr. Jacobs did pretty well. The proper tensions were created, and nursed by Peter Watts. Who in fact is Asmodee? The innocent English intruder? M. Coûture? perhaps even the curé (Howieson Culff) who is, after all, the only one really in the know. Incidentally, Asmodeus, who prides up roofs, might be a better patron saint than Ariel for our new Third Programme.

'The Burning Deck' was a rather unhappy highbrow jape at the expense of Mrs. Hemans; perhaps she will one day turn out to be not so funny after all. 'Box and Cox' was delightful, though I don't suppose M. Mauriac would approve.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE SPOKEN WORD

Evergreens

THERE ARE THREE PROGRAMMES which I often turn on for my own private entertainment with the certainty that I shall not be disappointed. They appeal respectively to the high-brow, the middle-brow (by which I mean the average thinking man and woman), and the low-brow, and they are known as 'Round Britain Quiz', 'Any Questions?' and 'Twenty Questions'. The last named is nothing more than the old guessing game of animal, vegetable and mineral, and some of my ultra-high-brow friends regard my passionate participation in it with pained surprise, although they become more indulgent when I add that my enjoyment is not confined to joining in the guessing, that half of it consists in watching the amusing antics of the conscious and unconscious minds of the team. Sometimes the guessers advance rationally, step by step; at other times one of them suddenly takes a jump long enough to break the athletic record and lands on the answer goodness knows how—is it telepathy, clairvoyance or some yet unlabelled wangle of the unconscious, or is it pure guesswork? We don't know, and that's the fun of it. It is as good as watching a first-class conjurer. Sometimes, too, a member hits on the answer sooner than he expects. Twice in a recent programme Jack Train seemed to do this; seemed, I say, because with these comedians you can never be sure. Hot on the trail, he murmured, in mid-course, 'Some kind of a toby-jug?' and 'Something like a red herring?' and in each case that was it, and nobody, it seemed, was more surprised than he was.

'Round Britain Quiz' is a very different business. Here two teams, each consisting of a brace of pundits in charge of their quiz-master, compete for top marks, and the questions, always of a highly complex and compound kind, are drawn from the entire field of human knowledge, which includes, as everybody knows, such matter as the Quantum Theory, 'the doctrine of the *enchiridion*', phrases from Early Victorian comic songs, the names and dates of Derby winners, and all else that is worth and not worth knowing. It is not enough for performers in

these programmes to have minds packed with an incredible variety of information: they must also have the knack of tapping this store at very short notice. Of the London team, Denis Brogan's method is that of Shakespeare's Gwendolower. He calls the desired fact from the vasty deep and for a few harassed seconds it buzzes round his head like a mosquito eluding capture. He grabs, it dodges, and then smack, and there it is in the palm of his hand. Hubert Phillips works in a totally different way. Nothing seems to delight him more than to receive a question of which he knows nothing. With a satisfied 'A . . . h!' he contemplates the case; then, step by step, by a process of pure ratiocination, he diagnoses it. Both, on occasion, stoop to inspired guesswork. An engaging feature of these programmes is the levity with which, under the lively guidance of Lionel Hale and Gilbert Harding, they are conducted.

These two series are parlour games. Not so 'Any Questions?' These are public functions at which serious practical questions are discussed, though sometimes, by way of comic interlude, some more frivolous problem is mooted. But, serious or comic, proceedings go with a tremendous swing. The public is evidently out to enjoy itself, the team invariably catches the infection, and even the absent listener succumbs to the epidemic. Freddy Grisewood controls the show with an iron hand unperceived beneath the velvet glove. The great value of these meetings is that they perfectly combine education with entertainment. Almost the only occasion on which I have heard 'Any Questions?' drop below the top of its form was when, not long ago, it suffered television. To the listener there was no doubt about the damping effect of this experience.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Ancient and Modern

I PROMISED MYSELF a week of novel musical experiences, seeing a galaxy of unfamiliar names of the most widely different specifications. And this in itself is wholly good—that listeners should have the choice of fifteenth-century church music, nineteenth-century drawing-room music and twentieth-century chamber music, none of it written by the masters whose names double-star the textbooks.

Unfortunately I spoke too early about the improved reception of the Third Programme. Early in the evening, between six and seven, the disturbances were on several occasions so violent and prolonged that accurate and continuous listening was very nearly impossible. This perhaps prejudiced my judgment of the contemporary British chamber music played on Monday evening. Bernard Stevens' pianoforte inventions were familiar and I admired their solid but unpretentious structure and their pianistic qualities; but Alun Hoddinott's trio and Stephen Dodgson's sonata for pianoforte duet hardly seemed mature or personal enough to be given what is, after all, a hearing of honour.

On Wednesday, when reception was excellent, I was attracted by the names of Pycard, Byttering, Queldryk, Leonel, Swynford and Typp—six fifteenth-century Englishmen whose music is preserved in the Old Hall MS. Their three- and four-part Glorias and Credo, sung by the Bodley Singers, proved a most abstruse and unrewarding entertainment. I was alienated from the start by being told that 'Professor Strungk's discovery that one of Pycard's Glorias was a double canon greatly enhanced the significance of the music'. This is, surely, a parody of the Third Programme. How many listeners in the British Isles can be interested in isorhythmic patterns of fifteenth-century masses? Surely less

than one hundred; and to the rest, as to me, these naive melodies in triple time, so un-naively put together, amounted to little more than a form of monotonous high-brow yodelling. Let us by all means explore the beauties of our national heritage but not produce the odd pieces of junk and white elephants which form a part of every heritage and can only interest a handful of historians.

Suzanne Danco's programme of modern Italian songs introduced no outstandingly beautiful music, but showed us what Pizzetti, Casella and Ghedini—who we only know by a few larger pieces—were writing thirty years ago and how the so-called 'art song' (not an Italian form in the nineteenth century) has taken root

and, fertilised by the opera, has flowered. I liked best Ghedini's three settings of an Italian translation of Shelley, especially the second ('Rough wind, that moanest loud') where Ghedini's dramatic style was most effective. Not even Mlle. Danco's sensitive and intelligent singing could make very much of Casella's setting of a d'Annunzio poem, so clearly hallmarked 'made in Paris'; and Pizzetti's Petrarch settings are acknowledged even by his greatest admirers to be among the least successful of his songs.

Another singer, Anna Oiticica, introduced some attractive novelty in the shape of Brazilian folk-song settings into a Light Programme concert on Saturday evening. The settings themselves, played by the B.B.C. Opera Orchestra,

were old-fashioned and somewhat too operatic in style, but the invocation of a half-forgotten African god and the delighted welcome of a new sugar-mill on a plantation gave an excellent idea of the extremes of spontaneous musical expression to be found among the primitive tribes of the remote interior provinces. At the same concert Julian Bream played two movements of a guitar concerto by Joaquín Rodrigo with impressive virtuosity and the slow movement varied a poignant *punteado* melody with an impressive storm of *rasgueado* in the cadenza. An attractive piece.

MARTIN COOPER

[Mr. Dyneley Hussey will resume his articles next week]

Vaughan Williams and Bunyan

By HUBERT FOSS

The first performance of the opera 'The Pilgrim's Progress' will be broadcast from Covent Garden at 7.0 p.m. this evening (Thursday, April 26) (Home); it will be broadcast again at 7.0 p.m. on Monday, April 30 (Third)

THE cover of the working score before me runs thus: 'The Pilgrim's Progress: a morality in 4 acts, adapted from John Bunyan's Allegory of the same name; with music by R. Vaughan Williams'.

A 'morality' (the Oxford English Dictionary tells us) is a word of comparatively modern occurrence denoting a 'species of drama (popular in the sixteenth century) in which some moral or spiritual lesson was inculcated, and in which the chief characters were personifications of abstract qualities'. The morality is thus the successor to the 'miracle' or 'mystery' play, which portrayed the historical facts narrated in the Gospels. John Bunyan's allegory, seen in a dream, has certain marked qualities comparable to those of the morality of two centuries earlier, though it is indeed written with vivid prose in a continuous narrative designed to be read. The abstract qualities who become Faithful and Giant Despair and Mr. Worldly Wiseman are suited to stage representation. They are, in Bunyan, people we know rather than personifications; and they are alive today among our acquaintances in no less degree of personality than they were in 1677. Nevertheless, the conditions of the modern theatre are not wholly favourable to Bunyan's dream-story. For example, our stage of today does not readily take to the presenting of a journey as the carrying time-medium of a plot; a succession of visual and static but progressive *tableaux* is not expected; and the modern manner is for the characters of a play not to enter ready made and labelled but to develop each his or her own individuality in the course of dialogue and situations of emotional conflict.

In creating an opera out of Bunyan's book, Vaughan Williams has had to contend with special problems superadded to the thousand others that beset the composer-librettist. The Bunyan prose would not mould itself to his hands as moist clay to a potter's at the wheel. He had, first, to create a new play. In this difficult dramatic task, Vaughan Williams had the inestimable aid of music as a progenitor in action. Music strains no bounds of its medium in expressing the universal, the humanly persistent, emotions. Its textural development, indeed, can be such in the hands of a master of musical narrative as to present static visions with a living sense of continuity. The outline of the play, all the same, had to be clearly drawn before the musical colour could be added.

Vaughan Williams' dramatic adaptation may be briefly summarised here. In the prologue

to Act I, Bunyan himself is discovered in prison completing his book. To him Pilgrim appears as a dream figure, but soon eclipses his creator to start on his journey with his heavy burden. Pilgrim meets first the Evangelist who, pointing to the wicket gate, urges him on; his neighbours, Timorous, Mistrust, and others, cannot deflect him with warnings of danger, and he runs on. After an orchestral episode Pilgrim is seen by the cross, the sepulchre, and the wall, behind which stands the House Beautiful. Three Shining Ones take off his pack and lead him to the gate; his head is marked with a seal, and he is clothed in a white robe by the newly appearing company.

Acts I and II are played continuously with Watchful the porter occupying front stage some of the time and with an orchestral 'nocturne'. The dawn begins to break as Act II, Scene I, gives us 'The Arming of the Pilgrim'. The 'King's Highway' stretches before him, and there is a herald with his trumpeter alongside. During his arming the chorus firmly encourages him. He sets out with his sword drawn into the Valley of Humiliation (Scene II). It is a narrow gorge with 'doleful creatures' (lions and owls, whisperers and blasphemers among them) prowling round with blazing eyeballs. The huge shadow of Apollyon appears across the stage; Pilgrim's fight with him is shown in shadows. On his victory two Heavenly Beings regale his wounds with the tree of life and the water of life. The Evangelist gives him a pilgrim's hat and cloak, a staff, a roll, and a key.

Act III is 'Vanity Fair'—a garish scene of booths and motley dresses of all periods. A procession led by a jester and a band of rough music brings in Judas Iscariot, Pontius Pilate, Demos, Envy, and others, who assail Pilgrim: then come Madam Bubble and Madame Wanton and Lord Lechery. At length Lord Hate-Good condemns Pilgrim for denouncing Beelzebub, and has him bound and imprisoned. In the second scene, the Evangelist's key releases Pilgrim, who is seen in gaol, and who once more takes his road into the moonlight.

Act IV opens at 'the edge of a wood'; here the woodcutter's boy shows the way to the Delectable Mountains seen afar in the distance. Mister and Madam By-Ends attempt to distract Pilgrim, but he persists and (after an entr'acte on the orchestra) finds himself at the Delectable Mountains themselves, where the shepherds welcome him and a Celestial Messenger pierces his heart ceremonially with an arrow. His trials are not yet over, for he is almost engulfed by

the River of Death. Saved from this destruction (Scene III), he is greeted by a chorus of Heavenly Beings and moves towards the Golden Gates of the Celestial City. In the Epilogue Bunyan offers us his book with open hands.

The keynote to Vaughan Williams' style in treating this unusual libretto is given by the fact that he uses (complete and almost unaltered) his 'pastoral episode' of 1922, 'The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains', as the second scene of Act IV. The association of the composer's mind with Bunyan can be traced in earlier works than that, and in many later. Here, in the new opera, we may find not only its climax, but the climax of a long lifetime of composing. In the music of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' Vaughan Williams sums up and re-expresses in other terms his whole artistic creation. The manner is, in a strange way, both new and familiar. We are led by the composer, as Pilgrim is by the Evangelist, down the long path of his musical imagination into a place that we have never seen before and yet instinctively recognise as our home.

The manner itself defies short description. It is narrative in style but has dramatic purport as well as moments of sudden tension. There is a just and skilful use of ensemble. While no precise method of *Leitmotiv* is adopted, comparable to the literary personifications of Bunyan's allegory, yet there are musical ideas associated especially with certain elements and incidents. Thus the Pilgrim's Way is symbolised by a pentatonic trumpet-call which appears in various guises, and there is a kind of 'valour' theme which dominates Act II. Vanity Fair is never made seductively attractive but has a raciness in its chromatic dissonance. Apollyon is given a leaping seventh reminiscent of Satan's in *Job*. Everywhere, it would seem, there shines through the events and pitfalls and handicaps that hobble Pilgrim some beautiful, peaceful tune—an endless store of simple and truthful melodies, like the boy's song in Act IV and the 'crown of life' music at the end of Act II.

Vaughan Williams leans on his own style with the ease and confidence of a master. He is telling us the immortal Bunyan story in the loving accents of one who has known and thought about it for fifty years. Rightly and without hesitation he quotes from his own D major Symphony, treating the material with fresh invention as his purpose demands. At this stage of his achievement, he does well to recall to us the noble things of his past life.



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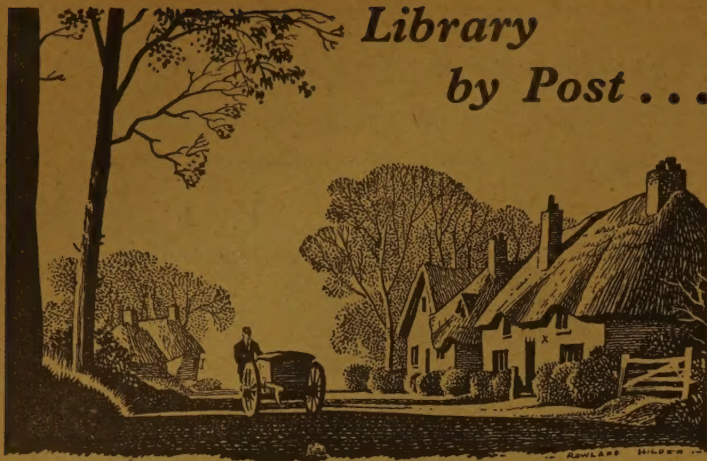
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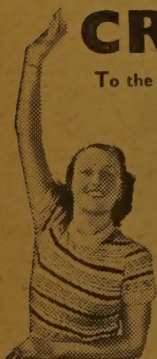
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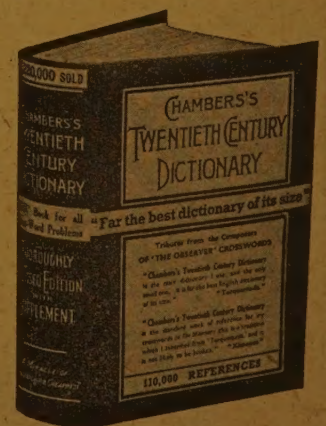


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(See crossword No. 1,087 March 1st)

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Recipes for the Housewife

HUNGARIAN GOULASH

I MADE THIS GOULASH with 1 lb. of stewing beef, about 4 medium-sized onions, 1 clove of garlic, half a bayleaf, a tiny piece of orange rind, and about 1 lb. of carrots.

When I had prepared these vegetables and cut the meat into cubes, I put my heavy casserole over pretty strong heat, threw in about 2-3 oz. of lard (but margarine would have done just as well), and when it was hot I fried the onions, the bayleaf, and the clove of garlic which I had crushed with some salt.

The onions soon cooked into a light brown mush, and at that stage I put in the meat, and let the surfaces seal in the hot lard, and then brown a little. While this was happening I took off the discoloured outer leaves of the chicory and then blanched the prepared chicory for about 5 minutes in boiling and slightly salted water. I put the chicory into an earthenware casserole greased with margarine, sprinkled it with salt and fresh ground black pepper, squeezed some lemon juice over, dotted some bits of margarine on top, put the lid on the casserole and put it into a hot oven.

I now stirred in with the onion and meat mixture 2 dessertspoons of flour, and a heaped tablespoon of ground paprika, and gradually added enough hot water to make a good thick tomato-coloured sauce. Then I added salt, a touch of sugar, and the carrots cut into rounds.

I adjusted the heat until the goulash was simmering, put the lid on, and then transferred the whole thing to the bottom of the oven. The chicory was beginning to simmer too, so I turned the oven heat down to moderate.

Just before serving, I took the goulash and chicory out of the oven and tasted both for

seasoning. I put a little more salt with the goulash, and if I had had some sour cream to hand I should have added this. I served it in the casserole and it was delicious. With it I served noodles—the flat kind which are bought ready to cook, and which had merely been boiled in salted water, drained, and made slippery with a piece of margarine. The noodles were a good plain contrast to the goulash and the chicory provided a brisk and slightly bitter antidote to the rich gravy.

PRIMROSE HUBBARD

NUT COOKIES

This recipe is for a very crisp and tasty nut biscuit—cookies they call them in America. And one of the best things about it is that you make up a good deal of the mixture, keep it in a cool place and use it gradually: that is, you make the mixture into a roll, and slice off as many pieces as you want biscuits at any one time, and bake them.

For about 40 cookies you need:

- 1 cup of brown sugar
- 1 cup of white sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter or margarine
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of lard
- $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups of plain flour
- 2 eggs (beaten lightly)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped nuts or raisins or coconut

Cream the butter and lard. Add the sugar gradually, then the dry ingredients and chopped nuts, then the eggs. Shape the mixture into a roll about 2 inches in diameter, and if the dough is too soft to roll, chill until it is easy to handle, but don't use extra flour. Put it in greaseproof paper and store in a cool place for at least 12

hours—unless you have a refrigerator, in which case it chills very quickly, of course. When you want the cookies, slice them with a very sharp knife and bake on a greased tin in a moderate oven for 6 minutes.

LADY ADONIA MCINDOE

FLAN FILLING

Into a flan case put boiled chopped onion; on the top of that, thick cheese sauce; on the top of that grated cheese. Pop the whole thing under the grill. It is quite delicious, hot or cold.

GORDON GLOVER

* * *

A number of listeners have sent in to 'Woman's Hour' a suggestion about the care of hands when one is doing really hard housework. Rub ordinary kitchen salt well into them before starting the day's scrubbing, washing or whatever it is. This really does 'keep the hands smooth enough to sew with', as one listener says.

Some of Our Contributors

TERENCE PRITTIE (page 643): *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Germany

L. B. NAMIER (page 653): Professor of Modern History, Manchester University; author of *Diplomatic Prelude 1938-39*, *Europe in Decay 1936-40*, etc.

JOHN CONNELL (page 654): journalist and author of *W. E. Henley, Midstream* (novel), etc.

ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN (page 657): until lately Teaching Fellow in Social Sciences at Harvard University

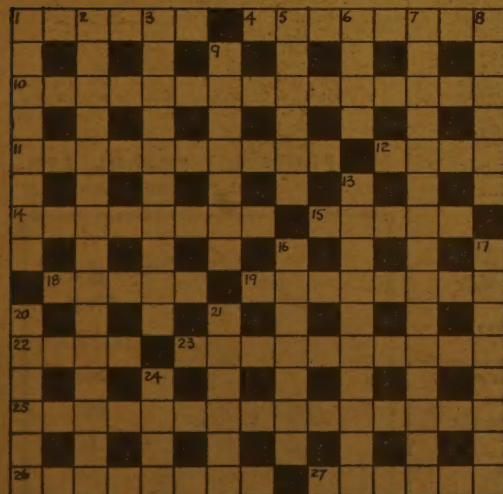
Crossword No. 1,095.

'The Net Spread'.

By Altair

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CLUES—ACROSS

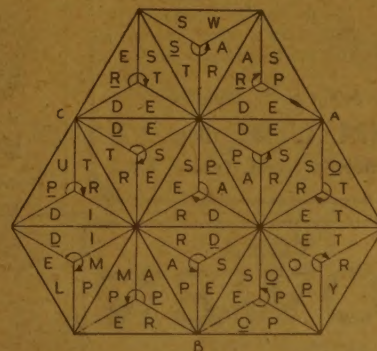
1. 'The world is a ——— to those that think' (Horace Walpole) (6). 4. How sensible people would wish to be employed (8). 10. Not necessarily angry interchanges, though the ends have become involved (15, three words). 11. Plundering a big garden (10). 12. Mrs. Desmond Humphreys as a Victorian authoress (4). 14. Such an heir should triumph in the end (8). 15. Surname of Mr. Dombey's sister, who had always tried to 'make an effort' (5). 18. Hawk-like piece of artillery? (5). 19. Graft one on the facade (8). 22. 'I want that glib and ——— art, To speak and purpose not' (King Lear) (4). 23. Mrs. Steerforth's companion, who 'only asked for information' (10, two words). 25. Nursery rhyme does not refer to a measure of whisky (15, four words). 26. The sort of shrub to look for on top of Derry and Toms? (8, hyphen). 27. Carol may be seated to begin with (6).

DOWN

1. A roomy old Savoy town? (8). 2. Hamlet's words for the 'Dumb Show', signifying mischief (15, two words). 3. Ordered tea in a cedar (10, hyphen). 5. Resinous plant gets on for a famous preacher (6). 6. Lawyer who engaged Tom Pinch as a librarian in the Temple (4). 7. Popular hagiographer, one might say, for the adolescent (15, two words). 8. Take a letter from amnesty and rearrange for an agreeable person (6). 9. 'Tight ———' (7, three words). 13. 'A friend with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may ———' (Emerson) (10, two words). 16. Thus expressed, may be slightly indeli-

cate (7). 17. They live at the tip of Lake Lemana (8). 20. Bobby is his other name (6). 21. Pope claimed it 'made the politician wise' (6). 24. Where you do this to the pack (4).

Solution to No. 1,093



Note.—As the diagram can be rotated into two other positions, these have been accepted as correct. Prizewinners: Miss Anne Faudree (Camden), J. L. Gray (Leatherhead), W. Langstaff (London, W.14), Mrs. J. R. Nicol (London, S.W.1), E. F. Watling (Sheffield)

CROSSWORD RULES.—(1) Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. (2) Clues are not normally given for words of two letters. There are no capricious traps. Each competitor is allowed to submit only one solution, but legitimate alternatives are accepted. (3) Collaborators may send in only a single joint solution. (4) Subject to the above rules the senders of the first five correct solutions opened are awarded a book token of the value specified. (5) In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

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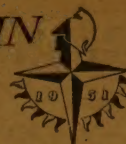
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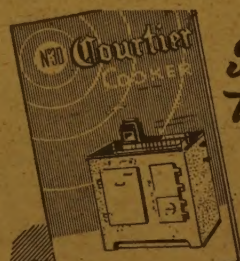
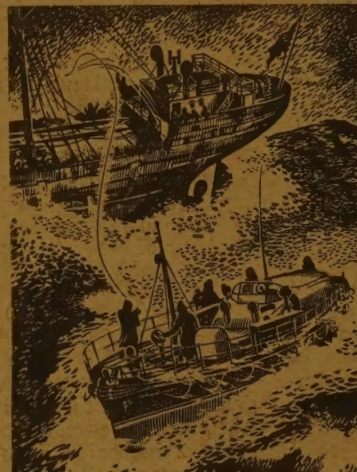


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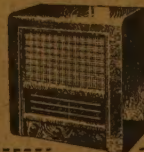
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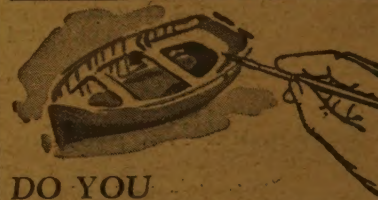
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